YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

5¢ DEC. 3
VOL. 2, NO. 24
1943

By the men . . for the men in the service

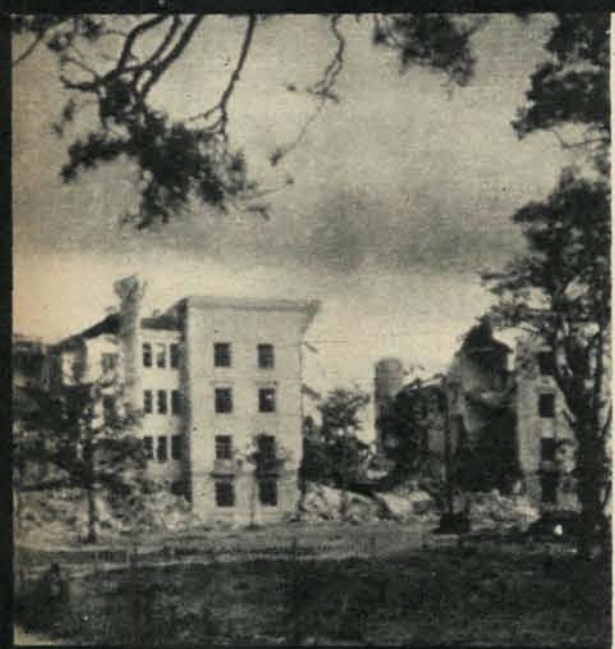
EMERGENCY STYLE

Enlisted Men From Overseas at West Point

PAGE 6

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The representatives of the three other powers watch Foreign Commissar Vyacheslav M. Molotov sign the Moscow Pact for the Soviet Union. At right is Britain's Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden, and at left is China's ambassador to Russia, Soo Foo Ping-sheung, and the U. S. Secretary of State Cordell Hull. Pledging full Allied unity to win the war and a world organization to keep the peace, the Moscow Pact was equivalent to a great victory on the battlefield.



Apartment houses in Kiev suburbs as Nazis left them.

The Red Army's big attack, which has been blazing along an 1,800-mile front since July 12, is probably the most impressive display of military power in history.

It is difficult for an American soldier to realize the tremendous size of the armies now fighting the greatest battle in history along the 1,800-mile Russian front.

We can't compare it with anything we have faced in this war. The jungle terrain in the Solomons and New Guinea forced us to use guerrilla tactics with only two or three regiments in action at any one time. In Tunisia and Sicily, where the enemy was not too large in numbers, we never had more than six divisions in the front lines. It is no wonder, therefore, that we have a hard time trying to picture the smashing give-and-take of the 2½-year Russian campaign where the two mightiest armies in the history of the world are slugging out a struggle that, in the distance and areas of battlefields, in losses and in importance, surpasses any fight man has ever known.

The Russians report that more than 9 million Germans have become casualties—killed, wounded or captured—during the Russo-German conflict, although this claim may be somewhat high. These figures, however, are given weight by our

Rockets curve in the sky over Red Square as Moscow celebrates liberation of more Russian territory.

Russian tanks lumbering through main street of recaptured Kiev.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

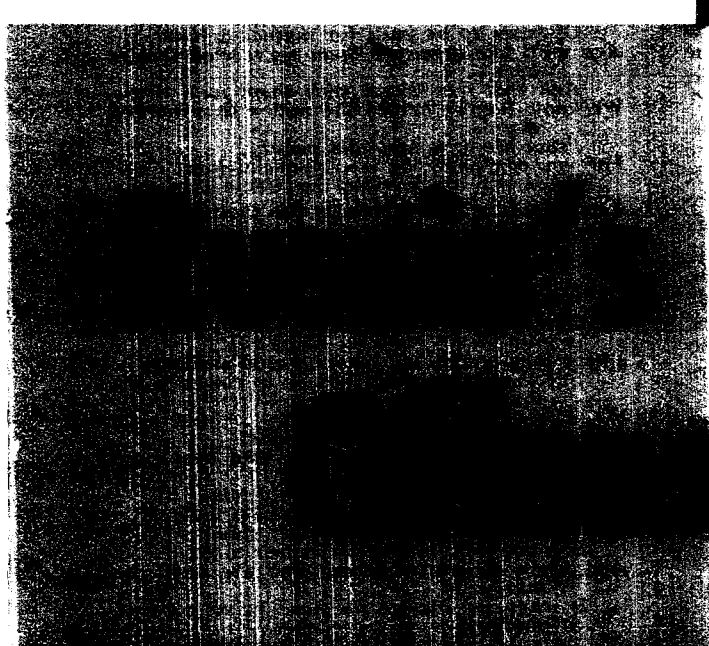
The titanic surge of battle on the vast Russian front is traced on the map, which shows the great depths reached by powerful Nazi drives and the victorious recoveries made by the Red Army.

Army intelligence service report given to the House and Senate by Maj. Gen. George V. Strong, assistant chief of staff in charge of G-2. Turning over parts of Maj. Gen. Strong's data to the public, Rep. George E. Outland of California said that it showed that if it "were not for the enormous efforts of Russia, the odds [in the European theater] would be roughly 4 to 1 against us."

In the summer of 1941, when the Germans staged their first triumphant drive into Russia, Hitler's forces reached the outskirts of Moscow. Then, when winter came, the Red Army braced itself and struck back, taking 100,000 square miles of conquered territory.

In the summer of 1942, the Germans came in swinging again and reached Stalingrad. But that was their last successful offensive. Hitler said at that time that the Russian front stood "firm and unshakeable." The tide turned again and stayed turned. Today the nearest Nazis are 450 miles from the Volga city—and most of these are probably trapped.

Five months ago the Germans tried a last desperate attack beginning at the Orel-Kursk-Belgorod sector. Hitler warned that this battle would decide the outcome of the war. Russia's answer to his warning came on July 12, the beginning of probably the biggest and most destructive offensive action ever fought by any army. One week later the Nazis had turned



Gre[illegible]
[illegible]ive

around and were moving fast toward home. Today they are only a few miles from the Polish border and still running. Hitler was right.

That offensive is still continuing savagely and relentlessly. It may mark the collapse of Hitler, as Winston Churchill has predicted. It has forced the German Army to give back two-thirds of its conquered territory in Russia. And on the very day that Churchill was making his predictions, Nov. 9, the first flakes of snow fell on the front lines in central Russia, adding another deadly winter to Hitler's headaches. The retreat of Napoleon from Russia is today finding an even more disastrous parallel.

This latest and most powerful Red Army offensive has branched out in many directions since it began in the dawn of July 12 in the Orel-Belgorod-Kursk sector. It blazes today all along the 1,800-mile battle line, which is roughly divided into three huge combat zones—the northern, central and southern fronts. There is plenty

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of twisting action involving many prongs on each of these vast sectors. The whole line from the Baltic to the Black Sea is a swarming mass of battles that would cause a nightmare in the average war college.

The Northern Front

THE Leningrad-Kalinin, or northern, front erupted soon after the main offensive began last summer on the central sector. Leningrad had been connected to Russia again by a land corridor, and the northern Soviet forces pressed fiercely against Smolensk, the strongly fortified permanent defense zone established by the Germans. The onrushing Red Army broke through the fortifications and forced the upper Dnieper River, capturing the Smolensk "gates" between the Dvina and the Dnieper. This brought the fall of Smolensk, a kingpin fortification as vital to the Nazis as the other two great German-held Russian cities—Kiev on the central front and Dniepropetrovsk on the southern front.

Urged dramatically by Marshal Stalin to free the Baltic countries from the Germans, Russian soldiers in the north are now striking from Nevel in a main drive to the Dvina River. At the moment of writing they are only 35 miles from Poland and 40 miles from Latvia. That's about the commuting distance from Norwalk, Conn., to Times Square or from Aurora, Ill., to Chicago.

As the Russians hammer constantly closer to the Baltic, Germany's northern satellite, Finland, is showing strong signs of wanting to get out of the war.

The Central Front

ON July 5, at Kursk, the Germans made their final bid for offensive strategy in Russia. But on July 12, while the Russians held the Nazis at Kursk, some 3,000 Soviet guns to one mile of front at Orel began the drive that today, after five months of the bloodiest fighting of the war, has the Nazis still falling back. The Germans have lost the great cities of Kharkov, Chernigov and Kiev, the latter the third largest city in Russia and the capital of the Ukraine. In the first four weeks alone of the Orel-Kursk battle the Russians claimed 4,605 German tanks and 2,492 planes destroyed and some 120,000 Nazis killed. In the colorful language of the Russian communique, the Red Army had "mauled and bled white" 17 German tank divisions, three motorized divisions and 18 infantry divisions in only 19 days.

The Germans went reeling backward, trying desperately to stop the Russians along the Desna River, which was defended by a powerful line of modern fortifications greatly strengthened over a period of two years' occupation. But *der Russe* forced the Desna River and smashed the German line of fortifications. The Dnieper was also crossed and Kiev, the German-held kingpin city in the central sector, was retaken in one of the war's most memorable events.

The Russians are now at Gomel, 350 miles from their farthest starting point at Voronezh. Gomel, the romantic Russian city once given to a field marshal by Catherine the Great, is a railroad hub where five spokelike lines converge from important western Russian cities. Seizure of this industrial city brings most of the vital railway lines in this area into Russian hands once more, greatly facilitating future Russian drives against the Germans. Gomel, only 150 miles from Poland, is the last big city on the Russian side of the swampy Pripet Marshes.

Along much of this front, the Red Army has already crossed the mighty Dnieper, the last great natural barrier in western Russia. Meanwhile other troops are fanning out in three prongs from Kiev and even now are at the Germans' last principal railway escape out of southern Russia, where many thousands are virtually surrounded.

The Southern Front

THE southern Russian front has spelt disaster for the Germans since heroic Stalingrad, where 20 Nazi divisions were wiped out by last-ditch fighters of the Red Army. When the strong German positions at the Orel-Belgorod-Kursk sector were neutralized in July, the Russians were ready for their offensive in the south. Within 30 days the Red Army forced the Mius River and the Donets, broke German defenses and freed the whole Donbas region, the most important coal and industrial district of all Russia.

Surprising even the hard-pressed Nazis with their vehemence, Russian troops forced the enemy back along the coast of the Azov Sea and past the long-held cities of Zaporozhye and Melitopol and Dniepropetrovsk, the last of the three kingpin defenses lost by the Nazis. Farther south the Nazis were driven from the vital Kuban city of Novorossiisk, gateway to the Crimea.

From Dniepropetrovsk the Red Army has today driven spearheads around Krivoi Rog, Russian valley city and center of one of the world's largest and richest deposits of iron ore and manganese. They are at Kherson, about 100 miles from Odessa and the nearby Rumanian border, and big Russian forces are ringed completely around the land approaches to the Crimea, where German ships are already attempting to evacuate the trapped Axis troops which may number as many as 100,000. Of all the Nazi troops, those on this southern front still stand the deepest in Russia, but even they are now no farther from the Rumanian border than Philadelphia is from Boston.

THESE are the over-all summations of a great campaign that will go down in history's records, as it will go down in military textbooks of all time. In one day more than 1,300 villages and towns have been retaken by the Russians, with the four-month total adding up to more than 38,000 villages and towns. The average advance of some Russian units has been some three miles a day for four months, while today some units are advancing at the rate of more than 10 miles a day.

In three months of the offensive the Russians claim that 144 German divisions, including 28 tank and motorized divisions, have been routed, and that more than 2,700,000 Germans have been killed, wounded or made prisoners of war. This, incidentally, is a greater number of divisions than the United States will have in all when we are at our maximum planned strength next year.

The losses in military equipment for the three-month period are staggering. The Russians claim the Germans lost 10,189 planes, 17,700 tanks, 19,800 field guns, 74,460 machine guns, 19,180 mortars, 450,000 rifles and tommy guns, and 250,000 vehicles of all kinds, including motorcycles, trucks, carts (containing supplies), wagons, tractors and haulers.

The offensive rages on as the plains of Poland and the mountains of Rumania loom into view for the advancing Russians. The Red Army is speeding along the road to Berlin. But the war is not won. There is savage fighting yet to be done in Europe by all the Allied forces—American, British and Russian.

There are three times as many Nazi combat divisions in the field today as there were on Sept. 1, 1939. As in the last war, Germany is certain to have a greater army at the end of hostilities than she had at the beginning, despite her tremendous losses in Russia, Africa, Italy and the Balkans.

But *der Russe* has the German Army on the run. General Winter has returned to the Soviet High Command conferences, and as the American and British air forces drop death from the skies through the cold winter nights of this fifth year of war, and the Allies march up the peninsula of Italy against retreating Nazis, the German Army may indeed find it has already been given the mortal blow. For this the world is forever indebted to the Red Army.

PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD—To a lot of GIs who've never been here, Trinidad means three things: it's the home of Hazel Scott, the comely Negro pianist; Minnie the Moocher chiseled her way to fame here, according to the song; and Calypso was born in Trinidad.

Hazel Scott's in the States, and she doesn't seem to have any twin sisters here. No sign of Minnie the Moocher either, though some of her relatives are around.

But most of the Calypso singers, unable to get transportation for engagements in the States, are living in their native Trinidad. Attila the Hun, King Radio, the Roaring Lion, the Destroyer, Lord Invader, Pretender, Tiger, Lord Executioner and Growler are all present or accounted for.

They've played enough GI shows to have many American soldiers humming such Calypso ditties as "Rum and Coca-Cola," "Small Island" and "Some Girl Something." The favorite is "Rum and Coca-Cola," as sung by the Invader (Rupert Grant).

In case you still don't know what Calypso is, here's the authentic dope: Calypso is the name for the satirical native folk song of Trinidad. Of African and French origin, the first Calypsos were sung many centuries ago but the current songs are as up-to-date as this week's YANK. The clever Calypso singers, who have a flare for choosing colorful names for themselves, improvise words as they go along to a score of basic Calypso tunes.

A Calypso singer is a kind of Bing Crosby who makes up his own words as he sings and covers a lot of subjects besides love—politics, war, food and international affairs, for example. He's just as popular in Trinidad as Crosby or Sinatra is in the States, and a lot more influential.

Calypso singers don't worry much about grammar or rhyme—the song's the thing. And they love to wrap their tongues around long, lofty words. The war and the arrival of Yanks in Trinidad has inspired a number of Calypso songs. Attila the Hun (Raymond Quevedo), a college graduate by the way, has composed this "Ode to America":

I beg to welcome wholeheartedly
Our visitors from over the sea.
I'm sure you will all agree with me
In my poem of eulogy
To the veteran champion of democracy,
America—Utopia of liberty.

They are here with us as a consequence
Of bases to be built for mutual defense,
And we'd like to assure them we're glad they're here
And that our island with them we'd share.
We know they've helped the native to a marked degree
From life of misery and penury,
For you can never be in a financial jam
When you are working for Uncle Sam.

Love making in wartime is the theme of many current Calypso songs. King Radio sings this one about air-raid shelters:

I thank the government wholeheartedly,
Believe they really did a good to me
By digging holes underground
In case of air raids for us to run.
I hear they are calling them air-raid shelters
But they made them for me to romance my lovers.

At night King Radio is never alone;
I always meet some mopsie who hasn't got a home.
Then you can hear me with my old talk,
Tuts, mama chunks, let us take a walk.
And then I start out to cruise her slow,
She thinking in a mansion she's to go;
And when she catch herself and she bawl for murder
Is when she bounce she head in me air-raid shelter.

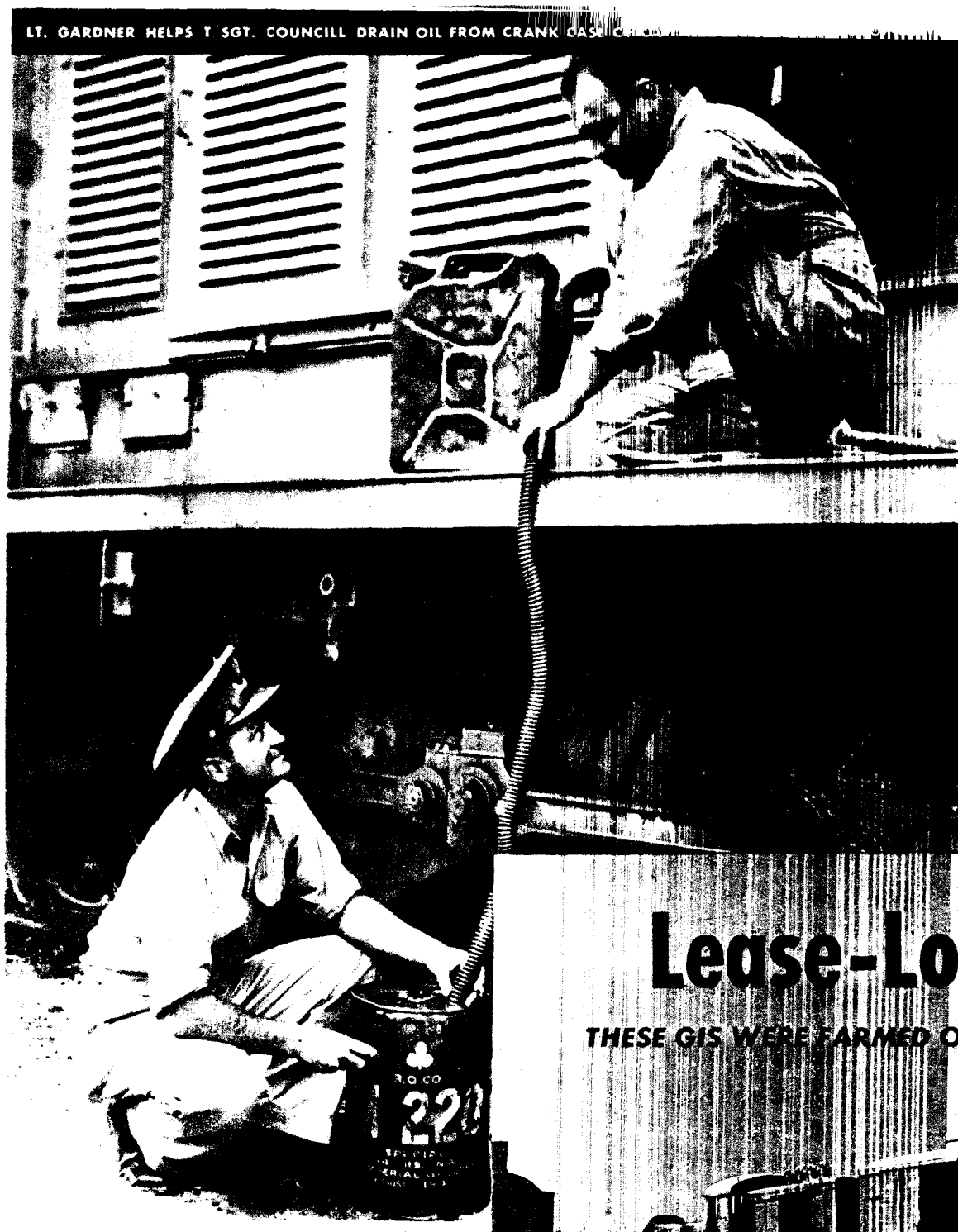
—Sgt. BURTT EVANS
YANK Staff Correspondent

In Next Week's YANK . . .

CRAP GAME ODDS

Whether you know it or not, most GI crap games are losing propositions because the odds are cockeyed.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LT. GARDNER HELPS T SGT. COUNCILL DRAIN OIL FROM CRANK CASE

Lease-Loaned Yanks

THESE GIS WERE FARMED OUT TO THE BRITISH ARMY IN SYRIA

THESE TWO LOCOMOTIVES WERE CAPTURED BY BRITISH IN NORTH AFRICA AND TURNED OVER TO THE AMERICANS.

By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN SYRIA—Ships, planes, tanks and war materials are not the only items on the U. S. Lend-Lease program. We even threw in an outfit of Yank soldiers.

Early in 1942 when the British Government ordered several Diesel locomotives from the U. S. under the Lend-Lease program, it also put in a request for American technicians to maintain them. The result was the formation of a Diesel-shop transportation corps—the first such unit in U. S. Army history—which is now officially attached to the British Army.

Organized at Camp Claiborne, La., the corps' officers and men were former Diesel operators and railroad men, most of them volunteers.

One unit of these Lend-Lease Yanks is here in Syria now. The outfit is doing the maintenance work on all the Diesels operating on the new British military railroad, which runs along the Mediterranean coast from Haifa, Palestine, to Tripoli, Syria. It's a real inter-Allied show.

The Haifa-Tripoli Railroad, a standard-gauge line helping to link Egypt and Turkey, was constructed by Australian, New Zealand and Indian engineers. It is operated by South African train crews.

There is only one off-key note in this otherwise strictly United Nations project. It is the three German-made Diesel locomotives being repaired and converted by the Americans for use on this road. The Nazi Diesels, which use hydraulic engines instead of the electric type used in U. S.-made Diesels, were captured by the British Eighth Army in North Africa.

The South African engineers are sold on the American Diesels and prefer them to the steam locomotives they formerly operated on this line.

Says Sapper William Carrol, an engineer in Pretoria, Transvaal, before the war: "The Diesels are a big improvement on this line because we have so many tunnels along the route. With the old steam locomotives, we got a free Turkish bath every time we drove through a tunnel."

"The only complaint I have against them," the South African admitted, "is that you don't have heaters in the cabs to boil water for tea."

The Americans used to kid the Springboks about their fondness for mid-morning and late-afternoon tea while on the job. But the Yanks can't discuss that subject much any more. Most of them have also acquired the tea habit and now drink it regularly at 10 A.M. and 4 P.M.

But there is one subject the Yanks and Springboks still razz each other about. That's the difference in their names for various railroad terms.

"My old shop foreman back on the Illinois Terminal Railroad would go nuts if he heard you guys," S/Sgt. Walter P. McClister of Peoria, Ill., tells Carrol. "Imagine calling a wrench a 'spanner' and a caboose a 'brake van'!"

"So would any inspector on my line in the Transvaal whom you called a 'conductor' or a guard whom you referred to as a 'brakeman'," Carrol replies.

Some of the other differences in U. S. and South African railroad terminology are:

U. S.	S. A.	U. S.	S. A.
Switching	Shunting	Whistle	Hooter
Ties	Sleepers	Throttle	Regulator
Truck	Boogie	Wipers	Cleaners
Windshield	Windscreen	Engineer	Engine driver

The CO of the Lend-Lease Yanks is 1st Lt. Robert S. Gardner, a former Diesel-shop foreman at the Union Pacific Railroad shops in Kansas City, Kans. His shop superintendent is T/Sgt. Arthur C. Councill, an ex-machinist on the Louisiana-Arkansas Railroad, and McClister, former repairman on the Illinois Terminal Railroad, is back-shop foreman and electrical supervisor. The foremen of the running repair shops, which work three 8-hour shifts, are S/Sgt. Joseph M. Czajka of Lackawanna, N. Y., former Diesel service engineer at the American Locomotive Company; S/Sgt. Harold Fink of Topeka, Kans., an ex-mechanic in the electro-motive division of General Motors; and Sgt. Louis Hollington of Syracuse, N. Y., who used to be a Delaware-Lackawanna Railroad mechanic.

Their two mobile machine shops are the pride of this Yank railroad crew. One moves up and down the line wherever it is needed; the other remains at the base to do back-shop work. A Diesel electric plant provides the power for drill presses, lathes and other equipment.

Lack of spare parts presents a serious problem, but McClister boasts that his men are masters of improvisation.

"Why," says McClister, "our machine shop crew has made push rods out of ¾-inch water pipe taken from German locomotives. And it topped that by making oil seals by hand, using ordinary shoe leather plus some leather we got from the fuel-tank coverings on Jerry planes. Back in the States, oil seals are made with special dies and steam compressors. While we were up in the desert, they even made water-pump shafts from the axles of Jerry trucks and got their sheet metal from captured German tanks."

It was in the desert that the Lend-Lease Yanks claimed to be the only U. S. Army outfit officially attached to the British forces. They operated with Montgomery's Eighth Army, starting at Fort Capuzzo, Libya, in November and going along right into Tunisia.

The Yank technicians did the management, maintenance and repair work on the Bengasi railroad, operated ambulance trains, established railheads in Tripoli and Sfax, and did machine-shop work for the South African crews that were operating various desert railroad lines. They were bombed every night during their Tobruk stay and frequently at other desert locations.

The Yanks got a great kick out of their success in concealing their locomotives in the desert. The camouflaged Diesels, which gave off no exhaust to betray their location, were virtually invisible targets for high-flying Jerry bombers.

Another advantage of the Diesel in the desert was that it required no water, as steam locomotives do, but carried enough fuel for the entire run in its own tanks. That prompted 2d Lt. Eugene J. Brown of Chicago, Ill., executive officer of the Lend-Lease Yanks, to dub the Diesels "the iron-camels of the desert." An ex-salesman for the American Locomotive Company, Brown insists he's going to plug them that way when he sells Diesel engines after the war.

YANK, The Army Weekly, publication issued weekly by Branch Office, Army Education and Information Division, War Dept., 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. Reproduction rights restricted as indicated in the masthead on the editorial page. Entered as second class matter July 6, 1942, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price $3.00 yearly. Printed in the U. S. A.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One hundred and seventy-seven former enlisted men—13 of them from overseas—are taking basic training again as "Dumbjohns" in the Military Academy's largest plebe class.

Thomas A. Williams, Navy veteran turned West Pointer, puts in equal energy in studying (above) and in carving up a dummy (at the right).

Ex-GIs at WEST POINT

By Pvt. TOM SHEHAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

WEST POINT, N. Y.—S/Sgt. John E. Stannard of Williston, N. Dak., heard the good news when he was returning to duty with his company in the 164th Infantry after recovering from the wound he received at Koli Point on Guadalcanal.

Tom Williams, a first-class petty officer who saw action with the Navy during the North African invasion, heard it when his ship pulled into Norfolk for repairs.

Frank G. Lester of Phoenix, Ariz., was on duty with "the best damn weather squadron in the Pacific" when they told him they wanted him to catch the next plane back to the States.

The glad tidings in each man's case were an appointment to the U. S. Military Academy here at West Point. Stannard, Williams and Lester are three of the 177 plebes at the Point this year, who make up the largest group of enlisted men that ever attended the Academy in one class. They are also among the 13 EM in the class who have seen overseas service in this war. And, on top of that, they have a third distinction. They belong to the largest enrollment of plebes—1,053—in the history of West Point.

All this only emphasizes a fact that isn't too well known in the Army: namely, that since Congress enlarged the Military Academy cadet corps from 1,960 to 2,496 by its act of June 3, 1942, it has become easier for the average GI to get himself an appointment and change the color of his uniform from OD to cadet gray.

Maj. Gen. Francis B. Wilby, superintendent of the Academy, and Brig. Gen. Philip E. Gallagher, commandant of the cadet corps, are anxious to have more enlisted men at West Point. No survey has ever been made of the careers of ex-GIs who became cadets, but Gen. Gallagher has the impression that they have held their own as officers and gentlemen.

Of course, an enlisted man has a harder time getting an appointment to West Point than he did getting an appointment to OCS back in the good old days last year when the Army was hungry for officer candidates. Even though the Academy is taking in more plebes than usual, you still have to pass a competitive examination or wangle an appointment from a congressman, senator or the President. However, an enlisted man can also get a West Point appointment from his division commander. Sometimes a divisional appointment is presented to a deserving soldier who didn't even ask for it.

Stannard, for instance, was completely surprised when he was handed his appointment. He doesn't know yet exactly where it came from. He suspects that it was an Americal Division issue.

"I didn't stop to ask any questions," he says. "I came back from the hospital on Feb. 29 and they told me the next day. I always wanted to go to West Point, even when I was graduated from high school back in Williston, but I didn't know how to go about it."

Stannard prefers to talk about his old outfit, the 164th Infantry (originally a part of the 34th Division) rather than about himself.

"Give those boys a plug," he says. "They were the first Army outfit to land in the Solomons and the first Infantry outfit to see action in the South Pacific. We went into Guadalcanal to relieve the Marines on Oct. 13, 1942. I was wounded Nov. 6. I was leading a patrol at Koli Point after the big battle at Henderson Field. That was one of the last big Jap pushes there. They ambushed us when we were going through the jungle. A bullet hit me on the right cheek and came out under my left eye."

He pushed back his fatigue hat and showed the slight scar under his eye. It looked like the kind of mark that is left from the time the kid next door hit you with a rock or a piece of glass.

THOMAS ALFRED WILLIAMS comes from Beckley, W. Va. He was appointed by Congressman Joe L. Smith of that state. He didn't know whether to accept the transfer from the Navy to the Military Academy or whether to go to Navy Pre-Flight School at Tulane University. After talking it over with his CO, an Annapolis man, he decided to pick West Point.

"I get seasick," Williams explains sheepishly. "That was what made up my mind about leaving the Navy. One time I was seasick for a week. I didn't even want a drink of water."

Williams joined the Navy on July 16, 1940, and was assigned to fire control after his boot training. He went into Casablanca ahead of the Army invasion as a member of a crew on a minesweeper. One night in Africa he "kind of skipped ship" and went for a stroll along a seawall with a sub-machine gun under his arm. "I was walking back and forth when all of a sudden something went 'ca-lipee'." He rolled up his sleeve and showed a brownish streak on his left forearm. "Boy, I was scared. I hit the ground and

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

crawled around until I got me a rock to peep from. I saw what I thought was a helmet and I let it have about 30 rounds. I don't know whether or not I got that sniper, but I didn't hear any more from him."

On two occasions during the North African invasion, Williams was placed in charge of prize crews aboard French fishing trawlers. He was commended by his CO for his conduct on these assignments.

Williams intends to become a lieutenant in the Coast Artillery. "I was range finder for a gun crew that got an 'E' for excellence every time it fired," he says. "If I can't make the Coast Artillery, I'd like to try for the Air Forces."

Like Stannard, Williams is a little bit vague about just how he landed in West Point. "I heard that lots of folks back home asked Congressman Smith to appoint a boy from our county. They suggested me and I got it. Least, that's what my father told me."

Frank Lester had been in Australia for 13 months before he was told to turn in his equipment and start for West Point. He received word of his appointment by Senator Ernest W. McFarland of Arizona on July 9, eight days after the rest of the plebe class had reported for duty, but he came all the way around the world and moved into his barracks on the Hudson only a week later.

Lester's overseas tour of duty was comparatively uneventful except for one time when he was broken from master sergeant to private and then promoted up to staff sergeant, all within 24 hours. "I was driving a weapons carrier down a road and they didn't like the way I was driving," he says. "So they busted me down seven grades and then kicked me back up to staff the next day." This is the third time Lester has gone through basic training.

Another plebe, Robert G. Williamson of Springfield, Mass., had just completed basic training at Sheppard Field, Tex., when he was sent to West Point to start it all over again.

Then there is Andrew Leon Hudgins of Griffin, Ga. Hudgins was an ensign in the Naval Air Corps, already trained as a co-pilot, bombardier and navigator and waiting for an assignment at Jacksonville Naval Air Station when he was appointed to West Point by Congressman A. Sidney Camp of Georgia. He cheerfully tossed his Navy uniform away and started all over in the Army.

Another plebe from the Pacific is Everett E. Christensen of Seattle, Wash., who came from a pack-artillery outfit in Australia. "After those animals," he says, "cadet training is easy."

As plebes, these former GIs occupy a traditional place in the cadet life at West Point which enables them to "rank the superintendent's dog, the commandant's cat, the waiters in the mess hall, the Hell Cats (the Regular Army band at the Point) and all the admirals in the whole blamed Navy."

They can't speak unless they are spoken to, can't take short cuts across the parade ground, can't date a girl or stroll on Flirtation Walk without permission. They can't get shaved by a barber and they must have their hair cut once a week.

In the mess hall they must sit with their eyes glued to the table until it is time to leave the hall. They sit on the edge of their chairs and lift their food to their mouths carefully in sharp right angles. When the food is in their mouths, they must put down their knives and forks or spoons and keep their hands in their laps until it is thoroughly chewed and swallowed.

They may be dismissed from the corps for leaving cadet limits without permission, for being absent from quarters between tattoo and reveille, for calling another cadet to account for something that was done in the line of duty, for drinking or bringing hard liquor within limits or for hazing.

And these are only a few of the many restrictions placed on a plebe during his busy 16-hour working day. On top of that, the scholastic requirements under the present accelerated wartime program at the Point are exceptionally tough. When the current speed-up pace went into effect a year ago, 30 plebes couldn't take it and resigned after the first phase of their training. This season's plebes have more of what it takes. Only one man turned in his equipment after the first five weeks.

Incidentally, 85 percent of this year's plebe class made marksman and sharpshooter ratings when they paid their first visit to the rifle range. Seventy percent is usually considered excellent. And when they were reviewed by Gen. Henri Giraud after only two weeks of drilling, the French military leader smilingly refused to believe that they were new men.

A lot of famous soldiers have had a hard time at West Point in the past when its four-year course was much easier than the new three-year grind. Maj. Gen. Terry de la Mesa Allen, the brilliant commander of the 1st Infantry Division in Sicily and Tunisia, lasted only two years at the Academy. But during that time he was well known among the cadets. They used to call him "Tearing-Around-the-Mess-Hall" Allen. It took Lt. Gen. George S. Patton Jr., commander of the Seventh Army, five years to get through West Point and Maj. Gen. Edwin M. Watson, President Roosevelt's aide, sweated out six years as cadet.

Whenever cadets feel sorry for themselves and their hard lot, veteran officers and instructors at West Point usually tell them about undergraduate life at a military academy that is supposed to exist somewhere in China. At this rugged institute, so the story goes, the graduating class is divided into two groups that are ordered to fight each other with live ammunition. This battle is considered a final examination. After the exam, the dead are buried, the wounded are carried to the hospital and the few students who were lucky enough to come through unscratched receive commissions as officers and gentlemen.

That usually keeps the disgruntled cadets quiet for a few days.

John E. Stannard fought as a staff sergeant with the Infantry on Guadalcanal.

Andrew L. Hudgins was an ensign in the Naval Air Corps.

Everett E. Christensen was on duty with a pack-artillery outfit in Australia.

Frank G. Lester served with a Pacific weather squadron.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The crew of the Flying Fortress *YANK* watches a little byplay before taking off from England to bomb the ball-bearing plants in Schweinfurt, Germany. Sgt. Walter Peters (far right) who is on the staff of YANK (not the plane, but the YANK you're reading at the moment) took part in the raid as a nose gunner.

Yanks Visit an Abandoned Pacific Base, Seeking Buried Supplies and Live Japs

By Cpl. HERTZ ROSENBAUM
YANK Field Correspondent

AN ADVANCED SOLOMONS BASE—There were 11 of us in the little black Jap barge, abandoned by the enemy in his flight and taken over by our reconnaissance patrol because no other water transportation was available. For two hours we just drifted in the ocean until an outboard motor, attached to the stern of the boat, began to putt-putt slowly. We'd lugged that motor all over the Pacific since we left the States, and now it was paying dividends. Gradually the makeshift motorboat picked up speed until we were making 3 miles an hour.

Suddenly a U. S. Navy vessel hove into sight. The crew evidently spotted our barge, for we could see them uncovering their guns. Not until then did we realize that we had forgotten to hoist the Stars and Stripes before starting off, and that our little tub was being mistaken for one still in enemy hands. We started to sweat; similar barges containing Japs had been sunk before. But after a close inspection the Navy patrol vessel recognized us and permitted us to continue on our way.

Our objective was a native village, seized by the Japs and then abandoned several days before when our forces made things too hot for the Emperor's soldiers. Our reconnaissance mission was to find out if any Japs who had escaped from the bloody fighting were returning at night to recover buried rations and ammunition.

Heading our patrol were Lt. Harry M. James of Port Townsend, Wash.; Lt. James W. Thomas of Greenville, N. C., and Lt. Joseph E. Finnegan of Oswego, Wis. Their men included Cpl. Martin Ball of Knoxville, Tenn.; Cpl. Irving Rhein of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Cpl. Charlie Green of Elkhart, Ind.; Pfc. Arthur Dixon of Harlan, Ky.; Pfc. Dennis Amardo of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Pvt. Roy Romans of Huntington, W. Va.; Pvt. Ernest Picard of Warwick, R. I., and this correspondent.

We had to bail furiously to keep the sieve-like barge from sinking, for it had sprung leaks at the seams. At last the vessel reached the sandy shore of a palm-fringed cove. We started off through the jungle, following an old Jap trail. In a small clearing our party came upon a wooden mission house with an overgrown and forgotten garden at the back. We entered the jungle again, losing the trail and then finding it between giant ferns and banyan trees.

The going got tougher and we were sweating as we moved silently down the trail, keeping sharp watch. Suddenly we flushed a nest of huge bats, which startled us as much as we startled them. They circled off into the jungle in confusion. A short time later we came upon the first native hut.

The Japs had plainly left in a hurry; evidently they had been surprised while at a meal. In one long hut used for a mess hall, cheap enamel cups and saucers still remained on the table. A few opened tin cans contained food, rotting where it had been left. In another hut we discovered the remains of a Jap sewing machine, reams of ledger paper and a large number of books.

In some of the shacks the floors were still in good shape, but others were riddled with shrapnel fragments. The Jap soldiers had slept on narrow bunks several feet off the pole floors, without mattresses but with thick white blankets. Many of these were still lying on the ground. Above one bunk there was a Jap calendar, and scattered around were dozens of green fatigue jackets and pants. Another shack's contents included several glass jars of cosmetics bearing Singapore labels, and we all wondered what face cream was doing in the jungles. We weren't long in doubt when we found some Jap contraceptives nearby.

It was late in the afternoon when we turned back toward the native trail. Buried between the roots of some large banyan trees, we found and destroyed several Jap stock piles of rations and ammunition. A few minutes later one of our party stumbled across the remains of a dead Jap in complete uniform, with helmet and equipment on his back. A little farther along we found a small Jap boat, made of canvas and completely collapsible. It was filled with rain water but we dumped it out and carried it with us down to the cove.

Floated in the surf, the little boat proved quite seaworthy. We climbed into our barge, tied the small collapsible boat to the bigger one and started back to our island base.

Allies

SOMEWHERE IN BRAZIL—American and British soldiers gathered here recently at the funeral of an RAF officer killed in a plane accident. As final prayers were said at a little white-fenced cemetery in a jungle clearing, a native Brazilian came up. In his hand was a tall flower plant with red buds and green leaves.

As the casket, draped in a Union Jack, was lowered into the grave, the native moved forward and held out his plant. In Portuguese he explained that the other graves had flowers but this new one had none. He pointed to the U. S. and British soldiers who were paying tribute and then pointed to himself. He, too, would pay tribute—"for Brazilians," he said.

—Cpl. C. O. VANZANT
YANK Field Correspondent

Airfield in Sudan Guarantees Free Worship and the Right of Way

ANGLO-EGYPTIAN SUDAN—When the muezzin sounds his call to prayer from the high minaret of a nearby city's mosque, devout Moslems gather in their ancient houses of worship. Here at a base of the Air Transport Command, a congregation assembles at a unique kind of mosque —a U.S. Army tent.

The Moslems are civilian workers on the post, and the prayer tent was set up at the suggestion of Lt. K. A. Tamin, civilian personnel officer. Until then the Moslems prayed on corners, under trees, in the patios and everywhere else. By setting aside a special tent for praying, the lieutenant eliminated a traffic hazard without interfering with freedom of worship.

Soldiers rigged up the canvas in time for use during the Holy Month of Ramadhan, when every devout Moslem fasts from sunrise to sunset for 30 days and avoids evil talk and deeds.

A white-robed old Sudanese sheik, meeting Lt. Tamin on the steps of police headquarters, almost overwhelmed him with salaams, handshakes and a lengthy speech of thanks. Other Moslems presented a hand-written testimonial, inscribed in Arabic and addressed to the CO.

But the best indication of the Moslem attitude was given at the prayer tent itself, when the "Du-aa" or "good wish after praying" was spoken. A religious Moslem added these words:

"Allah bless America. Allah bless Roosevelt. May Allah lengthen the days of the base commander."

—YANK Field Correspondent

Betsy Ends Her Glorious Career As Oldest Panama Barrage Balloon

PORT AMADOR, PANAMA CANAL ZONE — *Old Betsy*, queen of the silver sausages, is dead.

Pride of the Coast Artillery's barrage balloon crews, she met her end in line of duty. *Betsy* had a record for balloon-flying time in this area.

By all rights, she should have died of old age, but the spirited gas bag clung to life with an uncommon passion, surviving many mishaps that would have been fatal to less sturdy balloons.

Just 10 days after her launching, *Old Betsy* dove recklessly from 1,000 feet and was perforated in several places. Hospitalized at a hanger nearby, she displayed excellent recuperative powers and was soon reinflated.

Then on May 3, 1943, according to official records Betsy tumbled off the wagon again. On that day she lost a bout with a beer bottle. The archives have this to say: "Three-inch rip supposed to have been caused by beer bottle, repaired." Then once more *Betsy* returned to the job, none the worse except for a hang-over.

Her fatal accident came during a recent storm when the barrage balloon broke away from her lines, sailed through the skies and collided with a mountain top.

Sgt. Milton Tuten of South Carolina and his crew had to choke back tears when they came upon *Betsy*'s lifeless hulk. This was one time she could not be mended and returned to the air.

Betsy's earthly remains went to a functional graveyard where Jungle Mudders descended upon her battered hide, tore the punctured fabric into a hundred pieces, and fashioned waterproof covers for gun breeches and tobacco pouches.

—Pvt. WILLIAM TUSHER
YANK Field Correspondent

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Iran Cooties Share Top Billing With Marx Brothers at the Movies

TEHERAN, IRAN—If you're smart, you go to the GI movie in camp. But you're not smart—yet. So you try your luck at one of the half-dozen cinemas in town. Cinema comes from a Greek word meaning move, which is what you do before the feature is half over.

You begin quite undramatically by paying for your ticket—10 *rials* to the wall-eyed girl in the ticket cage. Your ticket is a flimsy bit of colored paper something like the revenue stamp on a whisky bottle. After it has been torn in half by the 3-year-old ticket taker, it is like nothing.

The evening's entertainment opens with news reels in French, Russian and Persian. Very interesting for Frenchmen, Russians and Persians. The news reels are followed by colored lantern slides advertising cafés, hair lotions and the *Agence de Publicité* which prepares them. Then comes the feature.

"The Big Store" with the Marx Brothers (you saw it in Topeka, back when you got in for half price as a minor) boasts some scratchy English dialogue. It takes a minute or so before you notice that a running commentary in French is being flashed on the bottom of the screen. It doesn't matter whether you understand French or not; you still keep glancing down curiously at this phenomenon, missing a good part of the action and the English dialogue as well.

After a little concentration, you master the technique. You ignore the French and apply your talents exclusively to the mangled English. You are going along swimmingly when the film flickers to a stop. The Brothers Marx are replaced by a blank white space, which is soon covered with black Persian script explaining the action so far. Persian is a tedious tongue and it takes a full 10 minutes to tell what happened in five minutes of screen action.

The Marx Brothers take over once more. You have lost track of the continuity but fortunately, with the Marx Brothers, that doesn't matter much. Back in the swing, you are just trying to remember what it was you laughed at so hard in Topeka when the film stops again.

This time it's an intermission of sorts. A corporal's guard of white-coated urchins pads along the rows, selling chocolate, coffee, gum drops and, for all you know, opium. You buy some sweet Palestinian chocolate and munch hopefully.

When the lights go off again, it's a snafu for the operator. He runs four Technicolor minutes of "Gone With The Wind" before he realizes his mistake. Lights on again. More chocolate and then back to the Marx Brothers.

By this time you are beginning to wonder whether a beer wouldn't have been better. You have been invaded by a number of small animals left on the seat by some earlier visitor. As they deploy unerringly for the more vital parts of your anatomy, you wonder whether you need a stimulating shot for typhus.

Scratching with one hand, clinging to the now-dissolving chocolate bar with the other, and totally confused between French captions, Irani cut-ins and English dialogue, you may as well give up. It's a nice cool ride back to camp in the truck, long enough for sober thought. You resolve to stick to beer in town and leave the movies to Special Service.

—Sgt. AL HINE
YANK Staff Correspondent

The Mounted Medics Gallop From Hospital to Town

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—Texans don't like to walk. That's why a couple of Texas cowboys and some dude ranchers from other states, assigned to the Station Hospital here, decided to buy horses. The hospital is located in the wild open spaces, a couple of miles from the nearest town, and there isn't any bus line between them.

In these parts the outfit is known as the "Mounted Medics" now. There are more than a dozen horses, three or four of them quartered in a corral a couple of hundred yards from hospital headquarters, the rest left with nearby farmers.

The first few horses came fairly cheap. Six or seven pounds ($19 to $22) would buy a fairly decent nag, and as often as not, the seller threw in saddle and gear for only a few bob extra. Now the price has doubled, and you almost have to bid your life away for a saddle. T-5 Earl (Sally) Rand of Claremont, Minn., paid 12 pounds for a blue roan named Major.

Others in the Mounted Medics are T-4 Kirk L. Black of Denton, Tex.; Cpl. Morris Norvell of Austin, Tex.; T-4 Samuel Bloomberg of Newark, N. J.; T-5 Lawrence Gauthier and Pvt. Clarence Gross of Akron, Ohio.

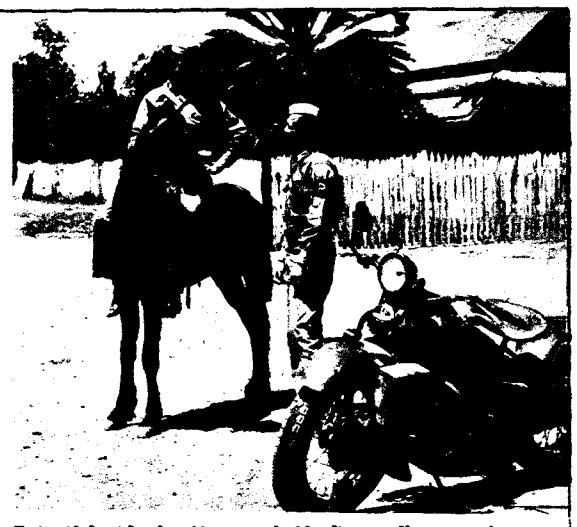
The medics give their horses the best sort of care. Capt. Henry Sam of Louisville, Ky., chief surgeon of the hospital, dopes up saddle sores with a mixture of precipitated sulphur and benzoinated lard prepared by Bloomberg, who used to be a pharmacist.

When other outfits began to imitate the Mounted Medics by buying horses, city fathers in the nearby town became worried about the traffic problem. They persuaded the provost marshal to forbid horseback riding on the main streets or "at a faster gait than a walk" in the town. "Violations of these regulations," the marshal said, "will cause any offender to be arrested."

No one has been thrown into the guard house yet for riding at a gallop, but Cpl. Merle Wise of Mooresville, W. Va., an MP who prefers Harley-Davidsons to horses, buzzes around on his motorcycle to uphold the law.

The Mounted Medics pooh-pooh the idea. "If we ever get started," they say, "those MPs won't be able to catch us."

—Pvt. JOHN F. McLEOD
YANK Staff Correspondent



T-4 Kirk Black, Mounted Medic, pulls up alongside of MP Cpl. Merle Wise, but not for speeding.

Army's 'Wrong-Way' Corrigan Returns to the States by Mistake

A PACIFIC ISLAND BASE—Here's one way to get that transfer back to the States. It may not work for you, but it did for M/Sgt. James W. Mitchell of Mulberry, Fla.

In May 1942, four months after he entered the Army, Mitchell was sent to the North Atlantic. He spent more than a year there as an Air Corps communications trouble shooter, touring Greenland and Iceland.

When he boarded a plane in Iceland in June of this year, Mitchell intended to get off at Labrador and transfer to a bomber bound for his base in Greenland. But Labrador was fogged in. His plane headed for a Maine airport and then continued on to Boston when Maine radioed "ceiling zero."

Mitchell reported to a nearby headquarters, where he was given a furlough and then reassigned to the Pacific. Right now he's looking for a pilot who knows how to bypass Hawaii and take him to San Francisco "by mistake."

—YANK Staff Correspondent

Four Yanks in Italy stand at ease, helmets held in the daguerreotype manner. Left to right: Pfc. Tony Zeuli, Minnesota; Pfc. George Psaila, California; Sgt. Burton Dumar, Missouri; Pvt. Dave Schiffman, New York.

This Week's Cover

MAYBE like a lot of other soldiers you thought Hollywood was the only place where they handled machine guns in this fashion. Wrong. Down at Camp Campbell, Ky., Sgt. Grover K. Herren, 480th Armored Infantry Regiment, 20th Armored Division, demonstrates the proper position for emergency firing of the caliber .30 at aircraft. Herren says the barrel isn't too hot to handle until 200 rounds have been fired.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover—Sgt. John Frano. 2—Upper, INP; others, Soviets. 3—Acme. 4—PA. 6 & 7—Sgt. Ben Schnall. 8—Cpl. Joe Cunningham. 9—Upper right, Cpl. Roger Wrenn; lower left, Signal Corps. 10—Left, British Ewa; right, Sgt. George Aarons. 11—Sgt. John Bushemi. 12—Upper left, INP; lower left, Acme; center, USMC; right (top to bottom), PA, Signal Corps-PCD, Boeing Aircraft. 13—Upper left, Sgt. William Perry, Fort Warren, Wyo.; lower left, INP; upper & lower right, Acme; center left, OTI, Persian Gulf Service Command; center right, PA. 16—Top, INP; center left, PRO, Merced (Calif.) Fairgrounds; center right, CRTC, Fort Riley, Kans.; lower left, Sgt. Schnall; lower right, Craig Field, Ala. 17—Left, Las Vegas (Nev.) AAF; right, PRO, North Camp Hood, Tex. 20—Universal. 21—Left, WW; right, INP. 23—Left, PA; right, INP.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This tasty act was part of an ENSA show in Africa.

Vivien Leigh, the soldiers' delight, on tour.

Here's where an ENSA comedian, playing in Cairo, hit the audience right in the solar plexus.

ENSA, the British USO-Camp Shows, Entertains Tommy and His Allies

By Pvt. IRWIN SHAW
Yank Field Correspondent

CAIRO, EGYPT—The sun never sets on ENSA. Wherever there are British troops, from Canada to the Himalayas, the super-Shuberts of the Entertainments National Service Association contrive to provide them with real, live entertainment.

Jugglers, crooners, monologists, violinists, tap dancers, comedians, aging matinee idols or younger ones with CDDs, and girls—always girls—sweeten the bitter pill of exile for Tommy Atkins. By troop ship and truck, by DC3 and Oriental caboose, by jeep and command car, the many ladies and fewer gentlemen of the theater wander into sand and jungle with Noel Coward plays and singing-and-dancing acts.

From Vivien Leigh to the ingenue who's just had one year, thank you, understudying in "Claudia" when it toured the provinces, almost every actor and entertainer in the British theater has chipped in for ENSA sometime or other.

Being one of the least sinister of international combines, the theater stretches happily into all camps. Beatrice Lillie is very likely to find herself singing "A Dozen Double Damask Napkins" to 5,000 shouting Americans while Jack Benny, on the USO-Camp Shows circuit, is very much at home playing "Love in Bloom" on his notorious violin before a grinning audience of Tommies convalescing from wounds received in Sicily. And at the theaters in Cairo filled by ENSA shows, all ranks of all the Allied forces are welcome.

The Cairo office of ENSA is like a combination of New York's 44th Street, when Jed Harris, Michael Todd and Norman Bel Geddes are casting plays, and Allied Headquarters on the eve of a new invasion. It is one of the busiest places in the world. Telephones ring; pretty girls in dresses that look like Cape Cod and Santa Barbara sit demurely on the waiting benches; sergeants whack away at typewriters; lieutenants and captains looking as pale and tired as only theatrical people can look, rush in and out with schedules, publicity releases, play scripts.

"What're you trying to do, kill me?" a comedian is shouting in one of the offices. He was sent down from Iran in a tiny one-engined plane and got caught in a sandstorm, and for a while it looked bad for comedians. "I don't mind dying, but where's my pianist? I demand my pianist!"

A second lieutenant leads him out gently, swearing that the pianist will be delivered from Iran immediately. The comedian leaves and the second lieutenant comes back, wiping his brow and looking 10 years older.

An American photographer from *Stars and Stripes* comes in and looks sourly around the room. His eyes light gloomily on a redhead in a corner. "My God," he whispers glumly to the reporter with him, "am I supposed to glamorize that bag? Hurrel couldn't do it. I'm just a sergeant in the Signal Corps."

From another office, a famous sweet voice is pleading gently: "Please get me an American band to sing with. A nice, fast, sweet, young American band. The American Army is full of them. Those English horn blowers are awful!"

Three telephones ring and in three different accents the secretaries explain to the young men on the other end of the lines just where they can find the girls they met in Accra, Durban, Tunis.

"But, darling," chorus all the pretty girls to a pretty girl who has just come in, "you look perfectly awful!"

"I know," the new girl says despairingly, sinking into a chair, "I'm going on sick parade with the ATS tomorrow morning. And I've got to play tonight, because Cynthia never did learn the part. Too busy with her South Africans."

The aging lieutenant looks out and sees the sick girl and ducks in. "Lord," he mutters to himself, "we have more casualties than the Eighth Army."

And it does seem that Africa is more dangerous to actors than to anyone else. All the least attractive types of dysentery, malaria and desert sores seem to hit theatrical companies as soon as they touch the sand of the Dark Continent. Doctors are often more in demand than grease paint.

The other great problem, of course, is men.

You can imagine the furor when half a dozen singing-and-dancing lovelies suddenly appear in a camp where 3,000 men have just been sitting around, looking at the brush and each other for a year or more. Each new camp is like an orphanage on the day Babe Ruth pays a visit.

In one desert radio station, where a small group of men had been stationed for two years without seeing a white woman, a solemn meeting was held. The men had been invited to visit a main camp and see a show there, but they voted to refuse the invitation. They had achieved a certain tranquillity, a spokesman said, and they didn't care to risk it.

The "big time" of the African circuit, corresponding to the old Palace in New York vaudeville days, is the Cairo Opera House. This beautiful, gaudy, perfectly proportioned little auditorium was opened with a performance of "Aida," conducted by Verdi himself, to celebrate the opening of the Suez Canal.

Backstage all seems confusion. Stage hands in *gelabiehs* and fezzes tote flats and canvas balustrades, a small barefooted boy dashes up and down stairs with cues for the electrician and curtain man, and blond English girls nervously adjust their girdles before going on. But on stage, the performances often would do credit to the fanciest theaters in London.

ONE of the most successful ENSA productions is a variety show called "Hello Happiness," which has been touring Africa more than three years. After nine months in the Cairo desert, the cast was putting on the last polishing touches before opening. Reg Lever, a well-known comedian who also directed and produced the show, was in the empty orchestra, listening to the rehearsal, making decisions, calling up suggestions. "I don't know," he said, "whether I'm funnier as a producer or a comedian."

He's a broad, pratt-falling comic who wears funny hats. (Sample gag: he comes on as a waiter in a cafe and bustles over to a stuffy gentleman and lady in evening dress. Says the gentleman: "Do you serve lobsters here?" Cracks Lever: "We serve anybody. What'll you have?" The audience roars.)

The man problem intrudes itself in the Opera House, too. At the performance of "Hello Happiness," a sergeant came running around to the officer on duty and whispered that there were two captains chasing the girls backstage, causing embarrassing gaps onstage that a magician was bravely trying to fill. The officer on duty sighed. He looked at the one pip on his shoulder. "Captains, eh?" He sighed again as he stood up. "I wish I was a major tonight," he said, as he started backstage to see what he could do with the two gay captains.

He had to hurry, because outside 2,000 soldiers were waiting to get in to see the second show. Every season is a booming one for ENSA. There are no critics in the desert.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Attu's Oldest Newspaper

By CPL. LARRY McMANUS
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC—"This," the Attu *Sun* boldly reported, "is a free press, and we'll print any damned thing that won't get us court-martialed."

There have been no court martials yet, and none is expected now. The lusty, pioneering days of the "oldest newspaper on Attu" are over—the days when the editors used paper and mimeograph machines captured from the Japs and the *Sun* was delivered to men huddled in muddy Aleutian foxholes a few yards from the enemy.

The *Sun* started as the Attu *Commando*, which began publication May 15, 1943, four days after the Infantry regiment commanded by Col. (now Brig. Gen.) Frank L. Culin Jr. of Arizona landed north of Holtz Bay.

"The colonel insisted that we have a newspaper," said 1st Lt. Charles M. Schayer of Denver, Colo., Regimental Special Service officer. "He said we could print anything except personal attacks on any one officer or man and that the paper should be something every man in the unit would want to read. He chewed our tail out until it was, too."

Lt. Schayer assigned a jeep containing a radio to T-5 George L. King, former Sears Roebuck employee of San Franci co, and told him to take down all the news he heard on the air.

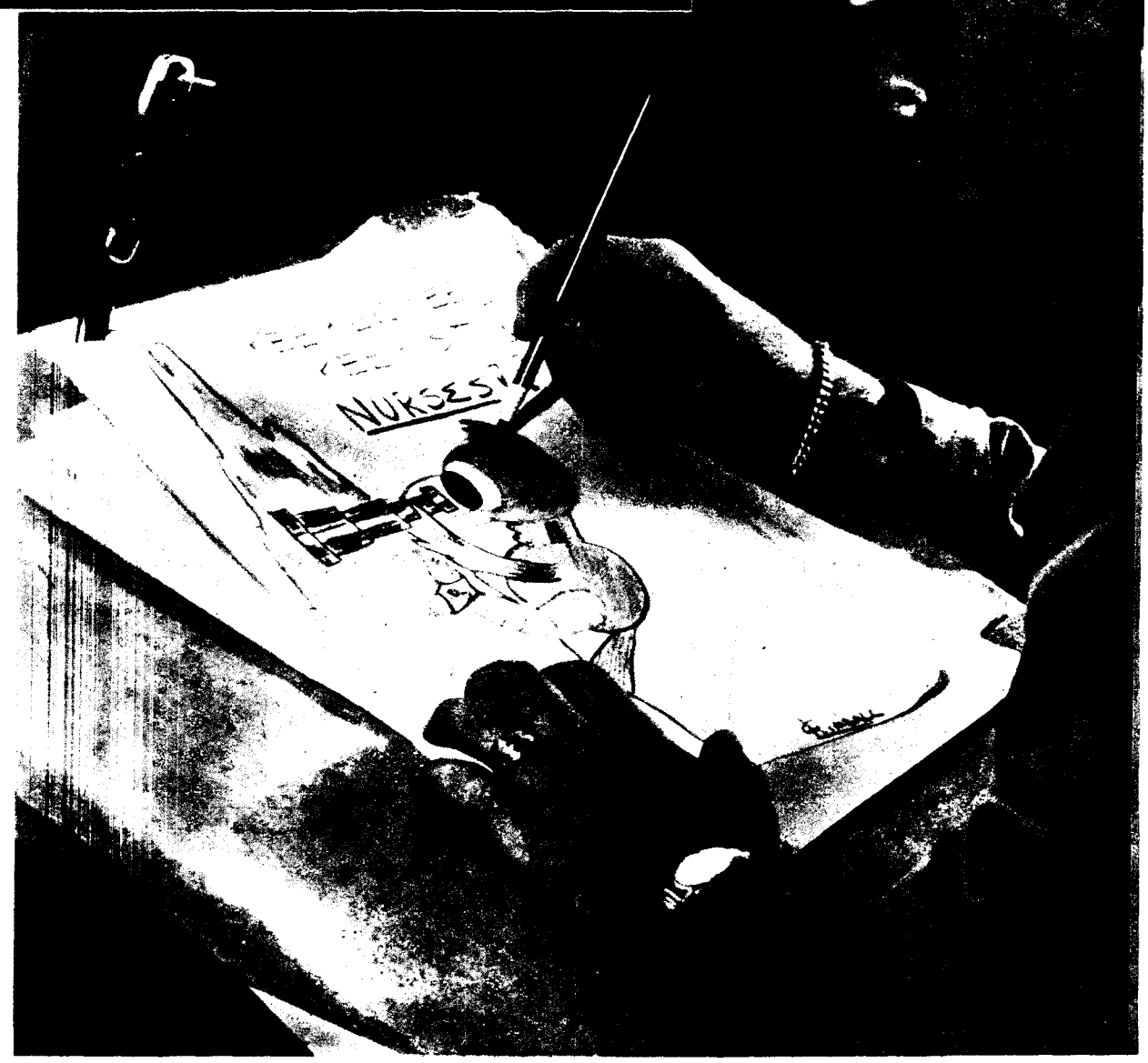
A pyramidal tent was set up over the jeep, and King listened all evening to the on-the-hour news broadcasts from the United States and tuned in on Tokyo in the intervals between.

After writing up the most important news of the day, King took it to the regimental sergeant major, M/Sgt. Francis H. Clifton of Lakeland, Fla., who turned it over to T-4 Marcus J. Krug of Wichita, Kans., or T-4 Willard K. Krueger of Appleton, Wis., to cut the stencil.

Couriers carried the mimeographed copies through the mud on foot to each unit of the regiment, then engaged in chopping its way around Holtz Bay to Chichagof Harbor.

Four days before the final defeat of the Japs, the name of the paper was changed. On June 1 the words *"The Attu Sun"* appeared at the top of the page written on a black and white rainbow, while across the rainbow's base ran the subtitle: "It Seldom Appears."

Because of a shortage of material, the *Sun* at this time consisted of only one side of a page of ordinary GI office paper and contained only the news picked up by King during his evening vigil in the radio jeep.



2d Lt. Lester C. Kimball drawing the paper's most popular feature, a cartoon about the Kee Bird.

Two staff members, T-4 Willard Krueger (left) and T-5 George King, check the finished product. At left on top of case for mimeograph machine is a can of Jap ink which was used together with captured paper.

The capture of several tons of Jap paper, poor quality but usable, and 12 crude hand-operated Jap mimeograph machines ended the shortage. Circulation jumped to 300 daily and 600 Sunday.

Increased to three pages, with a 10-page job on Sunday, the *Sun* appeared daily in determined contradiction to its masthead motto. It carried sports news, poetry, letters to the editor and even a series about "Flower Life on Attu" by Cpl. Robert Lossau.

Most of the letters to the editor were signed by such names as "Holtz Bay Harry" and "Massacre Mike," pen names inspired by the mountains and bays of the island.

For weeks a paper battle was in progress between "Attu Ike" and "Nevidishov Ned." Ike wanted the regiment to continue on to Tokyo while Ned, who claimed he had done enough fighting, wanted to go back home.

The paper's most popular feature was the full-page cartoon by 2d Lt. Lester C. Kimball of Salt Lake City, Utah. The cartoon told the story of the Attu Kee Bird, so-called because it constantly chirped "Kee-kee-keerist, but it's cold."

Several times the *Sun* took the brass hats for a couple of fast rounds and came out the winner—or at least without any court martials against staff members.

One contribution by T-5 Martin Goldberg, "The Ballad of Attu," consisted of 108 stanzas of criticism of the manner in which the campaign was handled.

Another, "Ode to the Rear Echelon," was written by some anonymous soldier. In common with most of the regiment, he declared that the men left behind at the beachhead to guard their belongings during the campaign not only lived in comparative comfort but looted the baggage of the front-line soldiers.

One of the milder verses stated:

The barracks bags got pretty wet, mostly from the tide,
But we emptied every one of them to see what was inside.
It took time to cut the rucksacks, but the most fatiguing task
Was breaking open lockers with a dull, entrenching axe.

The *Sun* regularly printed the news King picked up from broadcasts by "Tokyo Rose," the Japanese Lady Haw-Haw, and ran it without comment under a Tokyo date line. It reported word for word her threat that the Japanese would give the Americans "24 hours to get off the island" and later her excuses that Japan had lost Attu to an attacking force "10 times the strength of the brave defenders."

Like the metropolitan press, the *Sun* turned out an "extra" on the fall of Sicily, news of which came in just before distribution of the day's copies began. A page of news flashes topped by a prominent headline was hurriedly mimeographed and clipped to the front of the paper.

In addition to the material contributed by local talent, the editors of the *Sun* unashamedly stole cartoons, quizzes and other features from commercial publications.

"And if anybody wants to make anything out of it," says a battle-hardened, belligerent staff member, "just let him come and try it."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

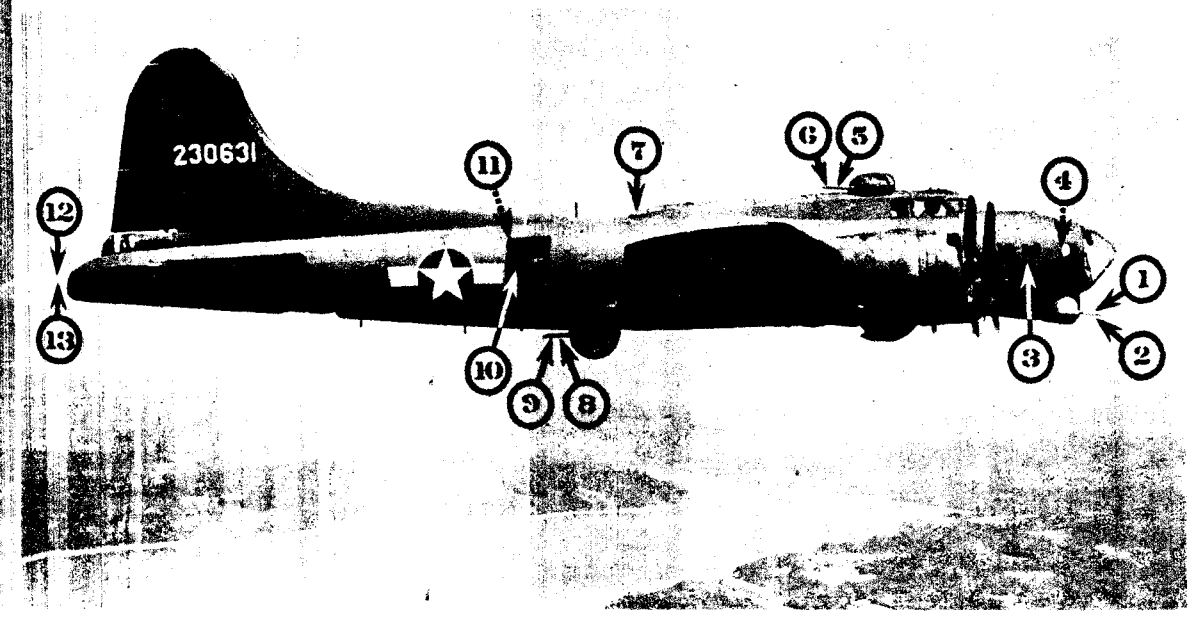
OCEAN CATCH. This Jap pilot with the improvised clothes was fished out of the Pacific by a PT boat, which shot his float plane out of the sky. He's being given suitable escort to a Solomons HQ.

NAZI. Their sub got as far as th waters off our East Coast, and that's where it wa sunk. These are four of seven survivors being picke up by Coast Guard rescue plane, which dropped a raft

NORTH. It's just like home! Five marines, all from Chicago, admire a traffic light set up at Dutch Harbor, a reminder of the Loop.

SOLDIER. S Sgt. Johnnie A. Perry Williamsburg, Ky., holds a Panama baby, th eleventh he's helped into the world. Which prov beyond dispute that the U.S. soldier is a versatile ma

SIAMESE TWINS? No, just a couple of honest American girls, Inna Gest and Mary Moore. In Hollywood they're showing a corset, modeled after a Victorian number, to replace the elastic variety.



OFFENSIVE. This picture was published to show America why the Boeing B-17C packs such a wallop. Of its .50-caliber machine guns, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 are used by bombardier and navigator, 5 and 6 by first engineer, 7 by first radio operator, 8 and 9 by second radio operator, 10 and 11 by second engineer and 12 and 13 by photographer and tail gunner

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Many farmers and cattlemen have a post-war eye on the Army's jeeps. Here's a practical demonstration of rounding up cattle successfully carried out on the plains near Fort Warren, Wyo.

S. Well there's not much use in describing these girls. Go ahead, make up your own remarks! The facts: they are all movie starlets, working for RKO Radio Pictures in Hollywood; they are adorning a diving board over a Hollywood swimming pool; and their names are (left to right) Barbara Hale, Elaine Riley, Rosemary LaPlanche and Dorothy Maloney.

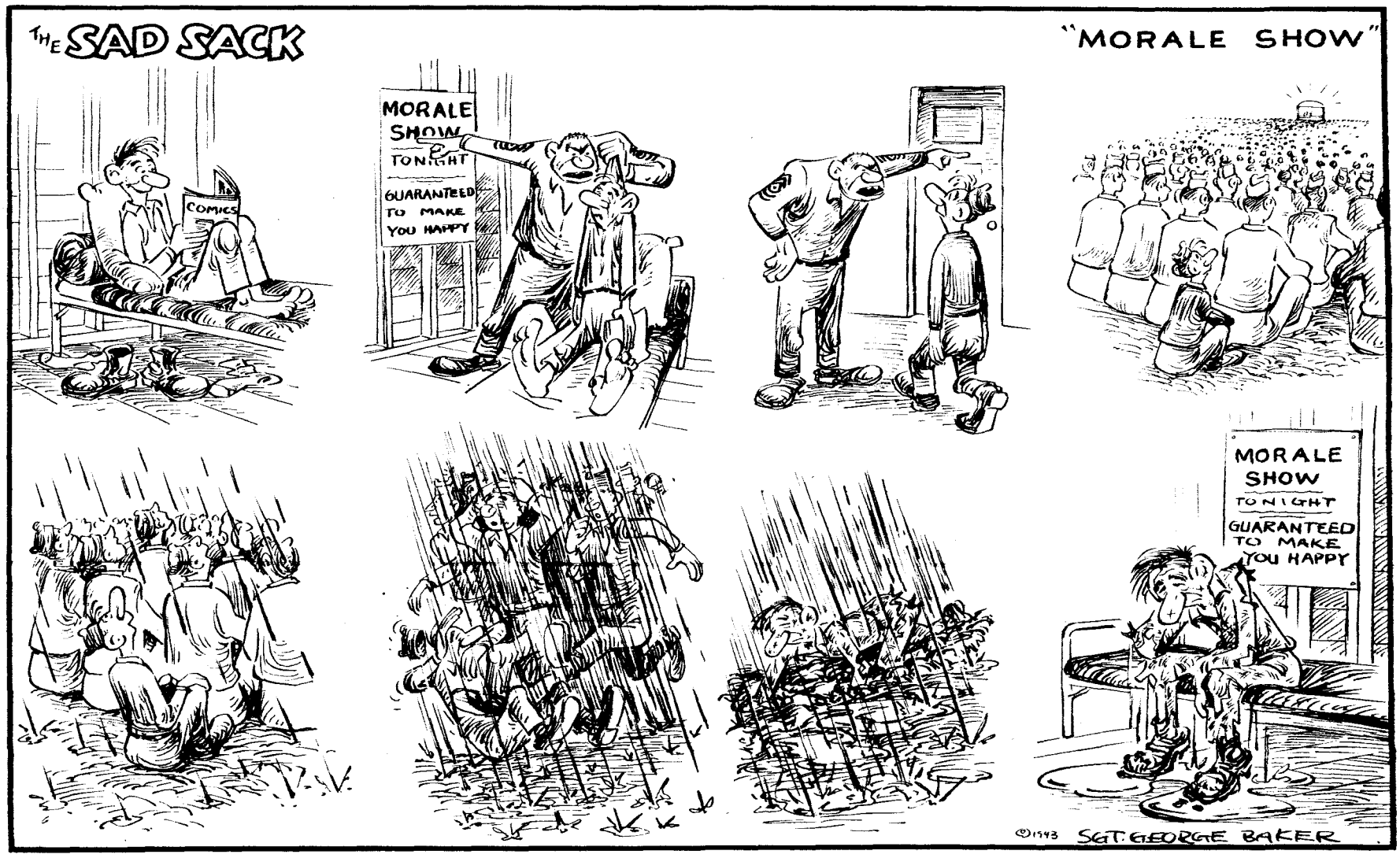
LPERS. Cpl. Hugh Walker, editor of the *U.S. Army Dispatch*, published in Iran in cooperation with the Persian Gulf edition of YANK, supervises two Iranians who are extremely young for typesetters.

BATTLE VETERAN. Pvt. Ken Bostwick (right), gunnery student, Buckingham Field, Fla., fought in most major campaigns of this war.

These were some of 90 Yanks tested as combat swimming instructors in England. The man jumping knows that wearing a helmet might break his neck when he hits the water.

TEIN'MENT. The day before the Allied crossing of a river in Italy, these Yanks took advantage of the lull to get in a little quiet reading and letter writing. Sgt. M. G. Stasyshyn (left) of Millville, Mass., absorbs a back issue of an American magazine while Sgt. Edward Cuelinan writes a short letter to the folks in Chicago, Ill. All the comforts of home!

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



What's Your Problem?

Soldiers' Deposits

Dear YANK:

In an August issue you stated that any member of the armed forces of the United States who had deposited money in the Government bank and who was serving overseas could at any time withdraw that money whenever he wished. I have been overseas several months, and after reading your article I tried to withdraw funds but was informed that I could do so only in case of an emergency. I was told, moreover, I would first have to secure permission from my commanding officer or my regimental commander.

North Africa —Cpl. G. TOWLEN

■ Since YANK's story in August, the rules about withdrawal of soldiers' deposit funds overseas have been changed. On Sept. 29 the War Department issued a new regulation that requires GIs overseas to obtain the permission of their regimental or separate battalion commander before they can withdraw their money.

Overseas Duty

Dear YANK:

Could you tell me the quickest way to be shipped overseas? I volunteered for the Army with the intention of fighting, but I was put in the MPs. When I arrived at this camp I was told I would go across, but now I think they're going to put me guarding a defense plant. I don't mind being an MP as long as I can fight but it looks as if I have a white-collar job now and I don't like it.

Fort Custer, Mich. —Pvt. JAMES S. HAMILTON

■ It once was possible to request overseas duty. But on April 3, 1943, the War Department in Circular 91 ruled that numerous requests for overseas duty "add unnecessary loads to already overburdened channels of communication and will be discontinued immediately." Looks as if you'll just have to wait your turn.

Decorations and Ratings

Dear YANK:

I have just returned from foreign service to attend aviation-cadet school and am stationed at a college-training detachment in Texas. They have no definite information here on whether I may wear my service ribbons. I feel that I am entitled to show them after serving so long overseas. I would also like to know whether an enlisted man is allowed to hold his rank while he is undergoing cadet training.

WTSTC, Tex. —Sgt. JAMES V. BARNES

■ Headquarters of the Air Crew Training Division, AAF, states that aviation cadets are entitled to wear their service ribbons. They have been earned and no one has a right to take them away. Enlisted men who apply for cadet training hold their ranks during the college-training phase, then are appointed cadets. If they are washed out, their original grades are restored.

Transportation Corps

Dear YANK:

There are about six of us here who have had railroad experience in civilian life and would like to get into the Transportation Corps. How do you go about it?

Camp Wolters, Tex. —Pvt. ARTHUR SNURR

■ Practically any type of railroad experience, maintenance or operating, qualifies you for the Transportation Corps. Your request for transfer should be made through your CO, who should help you prepare your application. Your qualifications should be stated in detail.

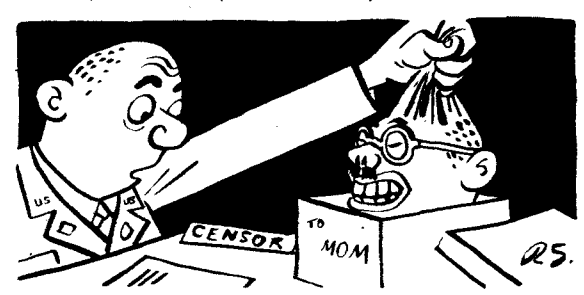
Re-Enlistment Bonus

Dear YANK:

When the war began I was already serving in the Regular Army. I had, in fact, re-enlisted on Oct. 6, 1939, for three years. At that time I was paid a bonus of $50 for each year that I had completed of my previous enlistment. I was due for my next discharge on Oct. 6, 1942, but of course did not get the chance to re-enlist, being automatically retained in the service for the duration. If I choose to remain in service when the war's over, I would like to know whether I will be entitled to a re-enlistment bonus for each year that I have served since 1942.

Hawaii —1st Sgt. GAYNOR T. JOHNSON

■ Although still unofficial, it is believed that the Government will pay former Regular Army enlisted men of the first three grades $50 for each year following the expiration of their last enlistment, provided they re-enlist. Under the same provision, former Regular Army men of the lower four grades are to be paid $25 for each year. So it looks as if you stand a good chance of getting $50 for each year between 1942 and the year the war ends, if you re-enlist. Since many men who intend to re-enlist in the Regular Army after the war will lose their temporary high ratings, the bonus is to be based upon the grade held during the war and not on the grade they will have to take when they re-enlist. However, if a man was drafted or enlisted after Pearl Harbor and then enlists when the war ends, he will not be entitled to a bonus for the years he has spent in the Army.



Hot Souvenirs

Dear YANK:

After sending packages back to the states from West Africa we've discovered later that many of the articles contained in the bundles were confiscated. Some of the fellows complain they've been stolen. We know that the U. S. has the best postal system in the world, and that trouble of this type could be easily alleviated through more careful handling.

West Africa —Sgt. V. G. HEDTHE and Sgt. A. E. POST

■ The policy of the Office of Censorship is to confiscate anything that is inflammable (including some foods), perishable foods, easily breakable bottles, etc. The same goes for enemy souvenirs, such as coins and weapons taken from dead Germans or Japs, and any articles whose design or label would reveal points of origin. It is a matter of record that only a negligible amount of stuff is stolen, and this can often be traced. In most cases of loss, the packages are so badly wrapped that their contents spill out and often there is no way of knowing who sent what where. It is understood that all confiscated material will be held for claim when the war's over, provided it has not been destroyed in the meantime.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

STRICTLY G.I.

New Georgia Units

THE WD has revealed that three divisions, none of them full strength, took part in the New Georgia operations in the South Pacific last summer. They were the 25th under Maj. Gen. J. Lawton Collins, the 37th under Maj. Gen. Robert S. Beightler and the 43d under Maj. Gen. John Reed Hodge. Active elements of the 25th were the 27th Infantry Regiment, a Regular Army outfit, and the 161st Infantry, a National Guard unit from Washington. Units of the 37th were the 145th and 148th Infantry, both Ohio National Guard outfits. The 43d had the 103d, 169th, and 172d Infantry Regiments, all National Guard units from New England. In addition each division was supported by divisional Artillery units.

The B-29—Super-Bomber

Details of the Army's newest super-bomber, the B-29, have been officially revealed. Gen. Henry H. Arnold, CG of the AAF, said of the new plane: "We now have a third super-bomber. . . . The battleship of the air is armored heavily with multiple-gun and power turrets. It can fly at very high altitudes. The B-29 will have a range substantially greater than the maximum effective range of today's longest-range heavy bombers and it will carry quite sizable bomb loads for that distance. . . . Many months must elapse between the adoption of a plane type and its entry into combat. . . . That final test of the B-29 is not now far distant. . . . Production of B-17s and of B-24s will not be affected by the advent of the B-29." The new bomber will be powered by Wright engines and use Hamilton Standard propellers.

New Field-Jacket Liner

This GI is wearing the new pile-fabric liner which will be worn under the Army's new field jacket in cold climates. The liner, which was designed by the Philadelphia QM Depot, has a shell of olive-drab rayon twill, with closely knitted wool collar and cuffs, and a lining of natural alpaca-pile fabric. Six buttons and corded loops close the liner, and it has two inside-hanging pockets with diagonal openings. The sleeves have rayon gussets and shields at the armholes.

Turning in Army Clothing

The Stock Control Division of the ASF has reported that many honorably discharged soldiers have turned in GI clothing that they were entitled to keep, "thereby effecting important savings in clothing stocks." Discharged GIs who want to return their uniforms should ship them to the CO of the Army installation nearest their homes. Packages should be marked: "Attention: Quartermaster, Clothing and Equipage Classification Officer." If the package weighs less than 30 pounds it may be taken to the nearest Railway Express Agency and shipped collect.

Fifteenth Air Force

The newly created Fifteenth Air Force, teamed with the veteran Twelfth, will make up an all-American Mediterranean aerial fleet under Lt. Gen. Carl A. Spaatz, an announcement from Allied Headquarters in Algiers says. The new Fifteenth, which has already made its debut in a raid on Austria, "will concentrate on long-range strategic bombing against Germany and military targets in occupied and satellite countries." Both the Twelfth and Fifteenth will work with the RAF and French air units.

New Wound Aids

A new battle dress for the Navy and a new type of dressing for wounds were demonstrated recently at the annual meeting of the Military Surgeons of the United States. The battle dress, made of kapok-padded, gray-green poplin, protects against small fragments of shells and bombs, flash burns, drowning and blast injuries. The new dressing, a pillow bandage of cotton stuffed with mechanic's waste, promises to eliminate the tourniquet by quickly and safely controlling external bleeding from wounds on any part of the body. It may be easily applied by persons with limited training.

Reassigning Overseas Flyers

Rest and a chance to do what they're best fitted to do and what they want to do will be prime considerations of the AAF's new Personnel Redistribution Center, the project for returned overseas veterans established by Gen. Henry H. Arnold, commanding the AAF. The redistribution project is seen as an instrument for siphoning personnel with combat experience back into the AAF's training program.

Post-War Education for GIs

A plan to give financial help to any serviceman who would like to go back to school after the war has been submitted to Congress by President Roosevelt. Prepared by a committee of Army and Navy officials and educators, the plan would provide a year's study in elementary, high-school, college, business or trade-school courses in any approved institution. The Government would pay all tuition and fees. In addition a single man would draw $50 a month living expenses while in school, and a married man would get $75 a month and $10 a month for each child. Under the plan a limited number of exceptional students would be able to obtain these grants for as many as three more years of study. These students would also be able to borrow up to $50 a month to help meet their expenses.

Washington O.P.

WHEN the 14 men who returned to this country in exchange for German prisoners were interviewed by the press at Walter Reed Hospital in Washington they were in a wisecracking mood in spite of their injuries. One of them told about bailing out over Germany from 22,000 feet and heading for a hospital he had spotted below. "How could you identify the hospital?" one of the women reporters asked. "I just smelled the ether odors coming up, lady," came the reply. The men sat on hard chairs from 10:30 in the morning until past noon while flashlights popped and reporters asked questions.

All American movie theaters will show a War Department-OWI film called "Male Call," which will explain the problems of the Army Postal Service to civilians, with special emphasis on accuracy in addressing letters to GIs. . . . The QMC is working on GI cosmetics, among them a "chap stick" now being developed to protect skins in desert heats and zero temperatures of high-altitude flying. . . . A recent QMC acquisition is a 750-acre stud farm in California for breeding and raising Arabian horses for the Cavalry. . . . The armed forces this year took less than 10 percent of the total supply of turkeys in the U.S. . . . Several ASTP graduates are already on their way overseas. . . . Local ration boards now have emergency forms to be filled out when men in this country fail to get them at their posts before taking off. . . . Secretary of War Stimson on demobilization: "You may be sure there will be a well-ordered plan, but right now we are more interested in plans for putting men in battle."

—YANK Washington Bureau

YANK EDITORIAL STAFF

Managing Editor, Sgt. Joe McCarthy, FA; Art Director, Sgt. Arthur Weithas, DEML; Assistant Managing Editor, Sgt. Justus Schlotzhauer, Inf.; Assistant Art Director, Sgt. Ralph Stein, Med.; Pictures, Sgt. Leo Hofeller, Armd.; Features, Cpl. Harry Siens, AAF; Sports, Sgt. Dan Polier, AAF; Overseas News, Cpl. Allan Ecker, AAF.

Washington: Sgt. Earl Anderson, AAF; Cpl. Richard Paul, DEML.

London: Sgt. Bill Richardson, Sig. Corps; Sgt. Harry Brown, Engr.; Sgt. Ben Frazier, CA; Sgt. Walter Peters, QMC; Sgt. John Scott, AAF; Sgt. Durbin Horner, QMC; Sgt. Bill Davidson, Inf.; Pvt. Sanderson Vanderbilt, CA.

North Africa: Sgt. George Aarons, Sig. Corps; Sgt. Burgess Scott, Inf.; Sgt. Burtt Evans, Inf.; Sgt. John Frano, Sig. Corps; Pvt. Tom Sheehan, F. A.

Italy: Sgt. Walter Bernstein, Inf.

Central Africa: Sgt. Kenneth Abbott, AAF.

Cairo: Cpl. Richard Gaige, DEML.

Iraq-Iran: Sgt. A. Hine, Engr.; Cpl. James O'Neill, QMC.

India: Sgt. Ed Cunningham, Inf.; Sgt. Marion Hargrove, FA.

Australia: Sgt. Don Harrison, AAF; Sgt. Dick Hanley, AAF; Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt, DEML.

New Guinea: Cpl. Ozzie St. George, Inf.

Hawaii: Sgt. Merle Miller, AAF; Pfc. Richard J. Nihill, CA; Cpl. James L. McManus, CA; Sgt. Robert Greenhalgh, Inf.; Sgt. John A. Bushemi, FA.

Alaska: Sgt. Georg N. Meyers, AAF; Pfc. Robert McBrinn, Sig. Corps.

Bermuda: Cpl. William Pene du Bois.

Ascension Island: Pfc. Nat G. Bodian, ATC.

Panama: Sgt. Robert G. Ryan, Inf.; Pvt. Richard Harrity, DEML.

Puerto Rico: Sgt. Lou Stoumen, DEML; Cpl. Bill Haworth, DEML; Pvt. Jud Cook, DEML.

Trinidad: Sgt. Clyde Biggerstaff, DEML; Pvt. Bernard Freeman, AAF.

Nassau: Sgt. Dave P. Folds Jr., MP.

Iceland: Sgt. Gene Graff, Inf.

Newfoundland: Sgt. Frank Bede.

Greenland: Sgt. Edward F. O'Meara, AAF.

Navy: Robert L. Schwartz Y2c; Allen Churchill Y3c.

Officer in Charge: Lt. Col. Franklin S. Forsberg.

Business Manager: Capt. Harold B. Hawley.

Overseas Bureau Officers: London, Maj. Desmond H. O'Connell; India, 1st Lt. Gerald J. Rock; Australia, 1st Lt. J. N. Bigbee; Cairo, Capt. Robert Strothers; Hawaii, Capt. Charles W. Balthrope; Alaska, Capt. Jack W. Weeks; Panama, Capt. Henry J. Johnson; Iraq-Iran, Capt. Charles Holt.

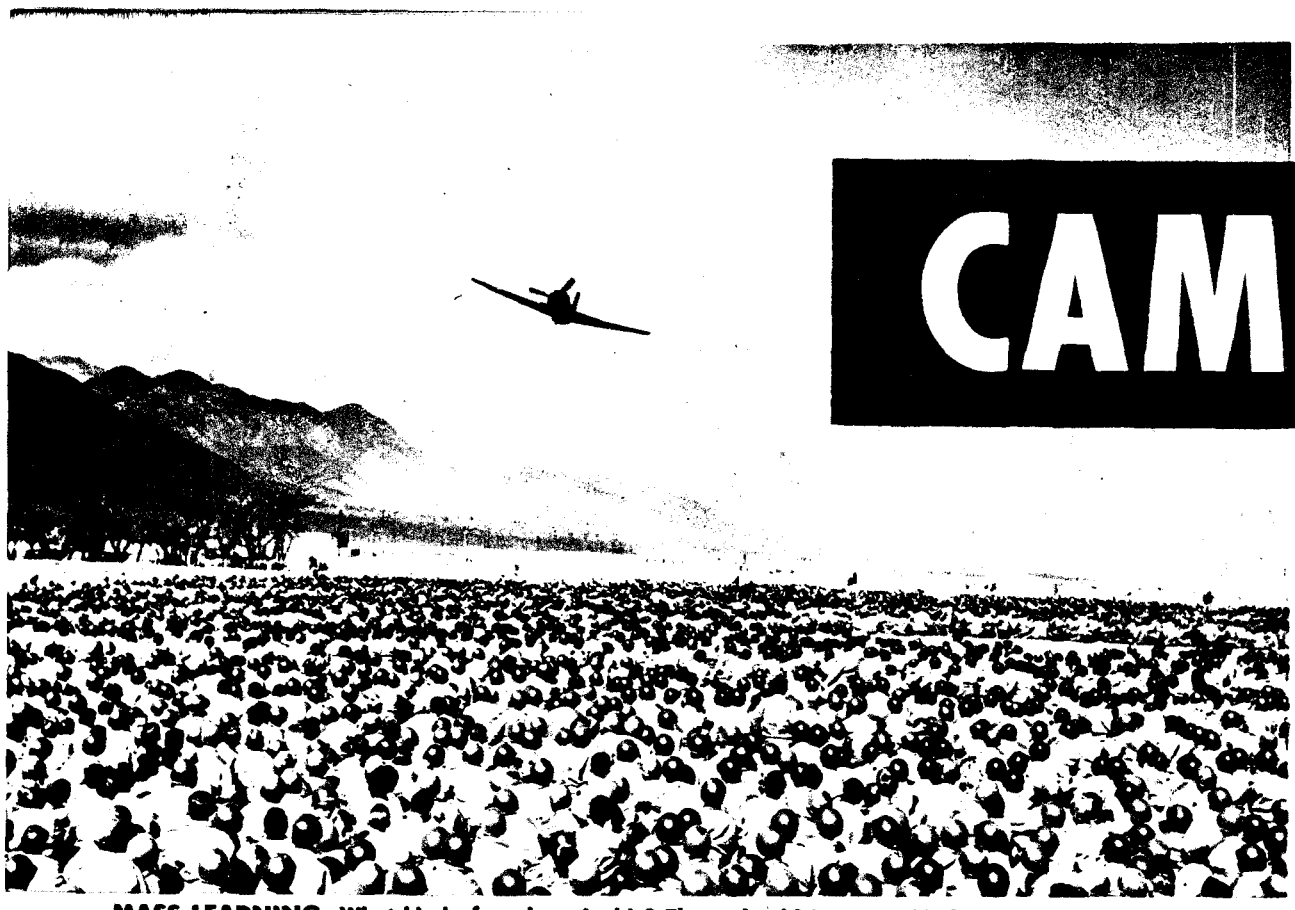
YANK is published weekly by the enlisted men of the U. S. Army and is for sale only to those in the armed services. Stories, features, pictures and other material from YANK may be reproduced if they are not restricted by law or military regulations, provided proper credit is given, release dates are observed and specific prior permission has been granted for each item to be reproduced. Entire contents reviewed by U. S. military censors.

Full 24-hour INS and UP leased wire service.

MAIN EDITORIAL OFFICE
205 EAST 42d ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y., U. S. A.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAMP NEWS



MASS LEARNING. *What kind of a plane is this? There should be some kind of answer to that in every one of those many heads. It's all part of a practical lesson in aircraft identification for men at Camp Carson, Colo., with real planes, supplied with their pilots by the Third Air Force, instead of the usual models.*

LOSER PAYS. A week-end bivouac at Yosemite Park, Calif., is no fun for Cpl. Robert Harris (right). He lost a bet with Cpl. Charlie Green, also from Merced Fairgrounds, Calif., who's a very hard man.

BEAUTIFUL TOP KICK. Wacs and GIs, both in the Army, ought to get the same deal. That's what they figured in WAC beauty shop at CRTC, Fort Riley, Kans. How did 1st Sgt. Carlo Castelli get in there anyway?

"City Trimmin's"

Scott Field, Ill.—S/Sgt. Freddie Meyers, inspecting noncom of the 30th Sq., entered one of the barracks latrines the other day. There, he saw a naked GI seated in one washbowl full of water while his feet were in the next one.

Freddie recovered his surprise sufficiently to ask the man how come he didn't use the shower. "Honest, sarge," the GI told him, "I just can't get used to them city trimmin's."

K-9 General Orders

Fort Logan, Colo.—The K-9 contingent here, four dogs strong, is now walking post 24 hours a day. Sentries working with the dogs on eight-hour shifts are required to learn and carry out the following orders:

1. I will not allow any employee to talk to, touch or pet my dog.
2. I will be accompanied by my sentry dog during my tour of duty.
3. Before going on duty, I will give my dog a 10-minute obedience test. During my tour of duty my dog will be on leash at all times.
4. I will take good care of my dog. I will see that my dog is thoroughly dry on being returned to the kennels after a tour of duty.
5. I will report to the chief trainer, on forms provided at the kennels, the number of hours my dog has worked on each tour of duty and any other information that pertains to my dog.

Under the present set-up, a dog will work eight hours on and 24 off.

ANYTHING MAY APPLY

RAPID City Army Air Base, S. Dak.—Illustrative of how things are "on the outside" is the following want ad clipped from a Cedar Falls (Iowa) paper and sent to Pvt. Jack Plummer, a member of the dance band here:

HE-MAN for flunky, young or old, tall or short, fat or slim, dumb or smart, feeble or strong, 4-F or TB, lazy or snappy, handsome or homely, dead or alive, and I will pay $5 a week more than you're worth.

Wishing Well Wealth

MacDill Field, Fla.—Two days of hard work for S/Sgt. Raymond Jones brought forth a total of $167.85 worth of coins from the bottom of the "wishing well pool" near the band shell here.

For months, GIs and civilians have made wishes and tossed coins into the pool. Finally someone decided it was time to clean out the loot. Jones went to work and came out with 11,900 pennies, 227 dimes, 433 nickels, 10 quarters and 4 half-dollars. The money is being sent to the infantile-paralysis fund.

SWING IT! Sure she's pretty, but that doesn't mean she can't do a soldier's job. Pfc. Billy Coira, of High Point, N. C., is an expert truck driver at Fort Ethan Allen, Vt.

K-9 TRAINING. Being in the Army means that Pal has to go through strenuous training just like any other GI. He and other dogs of the K-9 Corps at Craig Field, Ala., have their own obstacle course which they run daily.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AROUND THE CAMPS

Dow Field, Maine—Several paintings by Pfc. Joseph Nyme of the AB Sq. were hung at an exhibit of Maine landscapes at the Bangor Public Library. In addition, a personal exhibit of oils and water colors by Nyme will be shown at the USO Club there.

Quantico Marine Base, Va.—Pvt. Don Hendrickson has an affinity for the number 11. He was born on Nov. (11th month) 11, weighing an even 11 pounds. His mother was born on West 11th Street, New York City (11 letters), into a family of 11 children. He was sworn into the Marine Corps (11 letters) on Dec. 11, 1942, and celebrated his 11th month in service in November.

Lincoln Army Air Base, Nebr. — Pvt. George Specht's request for an emergency furlough was an unusual one, his CO thought, so he granted it. The reason: Specht's mother, a lieutenant in the Army Nurse Corps, was sailing for duty overseas and he wanted to say good-bye to her. Also overseas is the private's father, a captain on duty in Africa.

Lubbock Army Air Field, Tex.—A dogface here inquired of Sgt. Jesse G. Foster Jr., personnel clerk, as to the possibilities of obtaining a family allowance for his mother. "Is your mother dependent upon you for support?" asked Foster. "She's dependent upon me to get this family allowance," the GI answered.

Camp Beale, Calif.—Pfc. Charles Gordon of Co. A, 556th Engineers, hid a pair of unshined GI shoes in his barracks bag with his laundry. Inspection over, Gordon forgot about the shoes and, a few days later, turned in his laundry. Back it came with the laundry nice and clean and the shoes—brightly shined.

Camp Campbell, Ky.—"My mess hall floor is so clean you can eat off it," boasted S/Sgt. Steve Badesso of the 138th Bn. Proof came quickly when members of the Company C had to do just that when tables were painted and had not dried sufficiently before their noon meal.

"This rally has been going on for a long time."
—Cpl. Arthur M. Gates, Keesler Field (Miss.) News

Turner Field, Ga. — Sgt. Henry Kiernan gets packages containing candy and cake regularly from his wife, and they get by the mail-room gremlins without loss. Kiernan's explanation for the phenomenon is simple: his wife marks all such packages "LAUNDRY."

Camp Butner, N. C.—Sgt. Mary Cavinee, a member of the WAC detachment here, has been corresponding for almost a year with a friend overseas. Recently she informed the GI of her promotion to sergeant. Back came his reply and at the foot of it, a few words from the censor: "Pardon the liberty of congratulating you on your promotion."

LOVE ON THE WIRE

Second Army Maneuvers, Tenn.—Pvt. George Cameron faced his wedding anniversary with grave doubts. With a ban on congratulatory telegrams, he reasoned that he'd get no greetings from his wife, Wac Cpl. Mary Cameron.

Love ignores bans, evidently. On time came her wire which read:

MERGER COMPLETELY SATISFACTORY TO DATE. SUGGEST INDEFINITE EXTENSION, ON CLOSER TERMS.
LOVE, MARY.

Pine Camp, N. Y. — Insisting that worry had caused their top kick to lose his hair, members of Company A, 34th Tank Bn., made up for it by presenting 1st Sgt. Edward A. Barber with a toupee. Maj. Gen. Lunsford E. Oliver, CG of the 5th Armd. Div., made the presentation.

Gowen Field, Idaho — Pvt. Alan Clarke slept peacefully in one of the library's easy chairs. In his outstretched hand was a book. Investigation by the librarian revealed its title: "The Magnificent Idler."

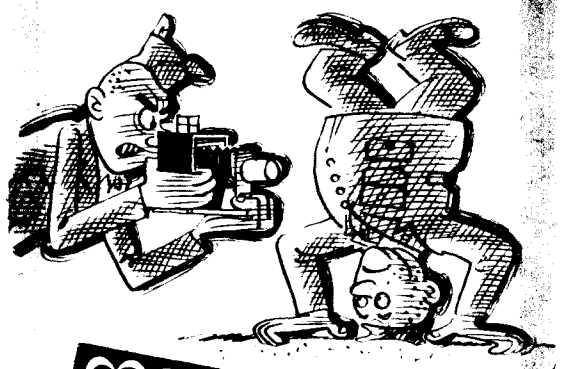
Camp Santa Anita, Calif. — Miss Carol Gristy spent eight months working at the Ordnance Training Center here and all that time was surrounded by GIs. One day she decided to enlist —in the WAVES.

Greenville Army Air Base, Miss.—A/C Samuel Pariler spent several hours recently on his hands and knees with a piece of chalk in his hand. Because of a training error, he was called upon to write these words on every cement block in the mile-long flight line: "I will not taxi faster than a man can walk."

Enid Army Air Field, Okla.—S/Sgt. John Orlando will spend no sleepless nights with his baby because of the bottle shortage. On a recent train trip, he got off at every stop and ended up with a supply of 10 baby bottles, complete with extra nipples.

What's new, bud, or funny around your camp? Got a bit of news or an interesting picture or feature? Well, what are you waiting for? Send it on to the Continental Liaison Branch, Bureau of Public Relations, War Department, Pentagon, Washington, D. C., and ask that it be sent to YANK, The Army Weekly.

GI Shutterbug CONTEST



WIN $25.00 WAR BOND

for best CAMP NEWS PHOTO

PRIZES. Two prizes will be awarded: a $25.00 War Bond in each class (see below). Nonwinning entries will become the property of YANK and may be used in the Camp News pages. No entries will be returned.

CLASSES FOR COMPETITION

1. Enlisted men or women of the armed forces who are stationed within the continental limits of the United States and who are attached or assigned to photography sections of any branch of the service or whose duties include the taking of photographs for publicity or other official purposes.

2. Enlisted men or women of the armed forces who are stationed within the continental limits of the United States whose hobby or interest is taking pictures for their own amusement. Class 2 includes members of the armed forces who were professional or student photographers in civilian life but do not come under Class 1.

HOW TO ENTER. Entries should be addressed to **Shutterbug Contest, YANK, 205 E. 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.** They must be cleared through the post public relations officer who will determine the class of each entry. Entries should not be forwarded direct to YANK by the contestant, but by the PRO who will mark "CLASS No. 1" or "CLASS No. 2" on the back of each entry, together with the full name, rank and address of the contestant.

Each picture should also bear a caption giving complete names, ranks, organizations, places and any other pertinent matter relating to subjects photographed. Subject matter must be limited to military or naval affairs, persons or points of interest, but the matter of national security must be considered and safeguarded.

PERIOD OF CONTEST. The contest opens on Nov. 26, 1943, and closes at midnight, Dec. 31, 1943. Entries must be postmarked on or before closing date. Winning selections will be announced in the Jan. 28, 1944, issue of YANK.

JUDGES. Judges of the contest will be: Sgt. Joe McCarthy, managing editor; Sgt. Leo Hofeller, picture editor; and Cpl. Paul Johnston, Camp News editor—all of the YANK staff. Their selections will be final.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

Campbell *Anderson* *Strycharz*

IN THE ALEUTIANS: S/Sgt. W. T. Campbell of Oakland, Calif., wants news from **Sgt. Herbert Baumgardner**, Texas. Sgt. Melford Anderson of Missoula, Mont., pages **William A. Wright RM3c**. Cpl. E. J. Strycharz of Chicopee Falls, Mass., greets **Wallace McNeish**, Great Lakes NTC, Ill. Write c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea*.

Jackson *Dubin* *Mohr*

ON CANTON ISLAND, PACIFIC: Pvt. Ira Jackson of Pana, Ill., wants news from **Sgt. Richard Neely**, also of Pana. Pfc. Irving Dubin of Chicago, Ill., greets **Pfc. Yale Dubin**, Miami, Fla. Pvt. Tilford M. Mohr of Boulder, Colo., wants news from **Albert Allen** of Wichita, Kans., in the Navy. Write c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea*.

Mail Call

Shotgun Wedding

Dear YANK:

There's a lot of rosy, visionary talk of post-war planning which makes me think a lot of people have lost sight of certain fundamental facts of American history. The first Americans ran away from their homes in the 17th Century because they found the Old World intolerable. Now, American servicemen and women, living and fighting all over the globe, seeing at first hand all that is wrong with the Old World, are really getting to appreciate all that is fine at home in the United States. But the advocates of heaven on earth after the war, cloistered in their comfortable ivory towers safe back home, can't comprehend that. Polls and other scientific tests of sentiment reveal Americans are in favor of internationalism. But despite these tests I'm gaining the impression that the American people are just beginning to stir uneasily at the prospect of being forced into a shotgun wedding with the Old World.

Hawaii —**Pfc. JOHN T. BLOCK**

Soldiers' Votes

Dear YANK:

A lot of letters have appeared in YANK about what we're fighting for and the kind of world we want after the war. But what good are these opinions unless we put them to work by voting in the coming elections and elect the men who will try and put our post-war plans into effect? It's common sense to support candidates who declare they want the kind of post-war world we say we're fighting for, but so far soldiers haven't made much effort to vote. Why are we throwing away what has been gained at great cost on the battlefield by indifference and neglect?

AAB, Fort Dix, N. J. —**S/Sgt. LEONARD G. RUBIN**

Caterpillar Club

Dear YANK:

I have recently returned from a combat zone. In one of the flights in which I participated I was ordered to bail out, as the plane was badly damaged. The entire crew bailed out except the pilot and co-pilot who chose to belly her in. This they did successfully. Those who jumped were told they would be members of the Caterpillar Club. A statement was sent through proper channels but we've received no reply. Can you tell me if I'm qualified as a member of the Caterpillar Club, and if so, how do I make it official?

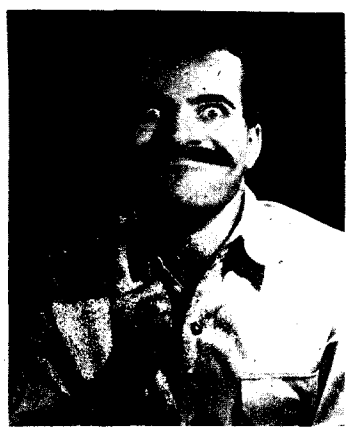
AAB, Greenville, S. C. —**Sgt. R. PAPPANO**

■ Anyone who is forced to make an emergency jump with a parachute is eligible for membership in the Caterpillar Club. Application may be made by mail to the Caterpillar Club, P. O. Box 1328, Trenton, N. J.; there is no charge. If you send in the names and complete addresses of the other crew members who bailed out with you, they, too, will be enrolled.

Colonna's Double

Dear YANK:

To date, I've signed about 15 autographs for avid Jerry Colonna fans here in Tucson, Ariz. Some of the civilians won't be convinced that I'm really not Bob Hope's star comedian, so I let them persist with their false ideas. Soon I expect a letter from Jerry himself giving me permission to sign honorary autographs. This should ease the tension on my conscience.



Davis-Monthan Field, Ariz. —**S/Sgt. HUB ESSY**

Short Snorters' Passports

Dear YANK:

These six corporals are members of that screwy chain organization called the Short Snorter Society. You can tell from their membership cards that these boys have really been around. The currency they display includes Indian *rupees*, Nicaraguan *cordobas*, Chinese *yen*, Ecuadorian *sucres*, Italian *lire*, Egyptian *piasters*, French *francs*, British *shillings*, Jap invasion

money and United States invasion money. These Short Snorters are assigned to the First Installation and Maintenance Unit (Avn.), Signal Corps, Robins Field, Ga. Front row, left to right: Cpls. Joseph Pena, Stan Cristil and Ben Taitel. Back row, left to right: Cpls. G. G. Sutton, Edward Sullivan and Ben Zuckerman.

Robins Field, Ga. —**Cpl. WALTER CROWLEY**

Racing and Records

Dear YANK:

In an October issue in *Mail Call*, Pvt. Robert Ware, writing from England, said that Whirlaway was a Northern horse. There's plenty of room for argument there. Whirlaway was foaled and raised in Kentucky, and Kentucky is a Southern state even if it did elect a Republican as governor. Ware also mentioned a nag by the name of Roman Soldier. I consider myself quite a race fan, but I've got to admit I never heard of Roman Soldier.

Fort Casey, Wash. —**Pfc. L. F. WALDNER**

■ Roman Soldier finished second to Omaha in the 1935 Kentucky Derby and then went on to win the Texas Derby. He was the only horse to win the four major stake races in Maryland.

Dear YANK:

So Camp Livingston, La., is popping off about its softball team—winning the Southwest regional tournament without losing a game! Okay, but here's really a record to brag about. It happens that our record started at Livingston, too. In 1941 our team (Co. L, 125th Inf.) won the regimental play-offs and the division championship, and just recently we won the regimental play-offs again. Our three-year record is 198 victories against only three losses.

125th Inf., Gilroy, Calif. —**Sgt. ALEX KOTA**

Lena Horne

Dear YANK:

We are submitting a request to your pin-up department for a picture of ravishing, scintillating Lena Horne. If possible print her picture in a not too future issue. Everyone will thank you—not to mention Lena.

Alaska —**Sgt. JOE H. UTNE***

*Letter also signed by Pvts. Tony Sinkeus, Tony Suski, Joseph C. Stewart, Larry Flynn, Paul Adcock, Stanley Briller, Gerald Cohen; Pfcs. Harry R. Hulley, Windell Culbreth, Melvin Creamer, Jack Fisse; Cpl. Donald Secky.

■ A full-page picture of Lena Horne will appear in YANK in the near future.

MESSAGE CENTER

B. Pvt. LLOYD BAILEY, Iceland: write Pvt. Luther Coburn, 3d AAA Gp., Portsmouth, Va. . . . BEISCHIE of St. Louis, Mo.: write Pvt. Daniel Eller, Co. A, 310th Inf., Camp Butner, N. C. . . . Lt. THOMAS E. BICKMORE, once at Camp Phillips, Kans.: write Cpl. Johnny Rose, Hq. Tech. Sch., AAF Tech. Tng. Comd., TFPU, Sheppard Field, Tex. . . . DOM BONO, Navy: write Pvt. L. Bono, Co. C, 66th Inf., Camp Carson, Colo. . . . BERNARD (BARNEY) BURNIM: write Sgt. William J. Griffin, Hq. Co., SCSU 1111, Fort Devens, Mass.

C. Sgt. JAMES (WHITEY) CALLENBERGER, who left the Canal Zone in 1941: write Pfc. Gert. De Vito, 909th Wac Hq. Det., Mitchel Field, N. Y. . . . SAVERIO CAPRIOLA, who was in the African campaign: write Pfc. Robert Di Fulvio, 125 Chem. Proc. Co., Camp Sibert, Ala. . . . Pvt. VERNON COOK, once at Camp Callan, Calif.: write T-5 James Billheimer, Btry. C, Enlisted Gp., Sch. Brig. AA Sch., Camp Davis, N. C. . . . Sgt. ELZIE L. CRAWFORD, once in the 30th Inf.: write Lt. Duane Bardell, Florence Internment Camp, Coolidge, Ariz. . . . JAMES CREAMER of Providence, R. I., once at Fort Ethan Allen, Vt.: write Sgt. R. E. Veasey, 2d Det. NAW Unit No. 1, PIAAF, Presque Isle, Maine.

D. T/Sgt. BRUCE DEAN, once at the 4th Base PO, Miami, Fla.: write M/Sgt. John C. Records, Hq. Co., Inf. Repl. Tng. Cntr., Fort McClellan, Ala. . . . Pvt. BERNARD DIDRICKSON, once at Fort Ontario, N. Y.: see *Message 5.*‡ . . . Pvt. JAMES DIMATTEO: see *Message 1.** . . . Lt. JOSEPH DONNELLY, once at SAW Bn., Fort Dix, N. J.: see *Message 6.*‡‡ . . . Sgt. JEFF DOYLE, once a weather observer at Middletown Air Depot, Pa.: see *Message 4.*††

F. Pfc. EARL FARER: see *Message 2.*** . . . JOSEPH FELDMAN, who lived at 1750 E. 172d St., N. Y.: write Pvt. Arthur Livenson, 3536 SU, Alumni Hall, University of Dayton, Dayton, Ohio. . . . Sgt. JAMES FELTON, once in Btry. B 233 AAA SL Bn.: write Sgt. Joe E. Boyer, Camp Stewart, Ga. . . . Sgt. JIM FORD of Chicago, Ill., once a weather observer at Middletown Air Depot, Pa.: see *Message 4.*†† . . . Pvt. JOSEPH FOSTER, once at Fort Ontario, N. Y.: see *Message 5.*‡ . . . DAVE (BUCK) FRANKO RM3c, Navy: write Pvt. Richard Fox, 329th B. Hq. & AB Sq., Selman Field, La.

K. Pvt. GEORGE KENDRA: write Pfc. F. Sedivy, Cannon Co., 397th Inf., Fort Jackson, S. C. . . . T/Sgt. MILTON KNIGHT, once at APO 866, New York: see *Message 6.*‡‡ . . . RAMOND J. KYLE, once in a camp near Houston, Tex.: write Pvt. Richard Greenstreet, Btry. C, 2d AA Tng. Bn., Fort Eustis, Va.

L. KENNETH LAMBES of Ottawa, Ill.: write Pvt. Robert N. Fish, 963d Gd. Sq., Salinas AAB, Salinas Calif. . . . ART A. LETOURNEAU, Cox., in S. America when last heard from: write Pfc. Jack R. Jett, DEML Sec., SCU 1967, Camp Haan, Calif. . . . Cpl. MARTIN T. LOVE, once stationed near Brownwood, Tex.: write Pfc. Erwin Lehker, Hq. & Hq. Sq., 307th Serv. Gp., Barksdale Field, Ga. . . . S/Sgt. CARMEN LUNSFORD, once at Atlanta, Ga.: see *Message 6.*‡‡

P. CHESTER R. PATTON S2c, somewhere in the Pacific: write Pvt. W. C. Patton, 65th Base Hq. AB Sq., Foster Field, Tex. . . . Pvt. DICK PECK, once at Hunter's Point, San Francisco, Calif.: see *Message 3.*† . . . Cpl. H. W. PICKETT, once at Camp Pendleton, Calif.: write Pvt. Nathan Sperry, Fifth Tech. Sch. Sq., Bks. 442, Chanute Field, Ill.

R. T/Sgt. HERMAN ROBINSON, overseas: see *Message 2.*** . . . Pfc. WILLIAM ROTHOLZ, in the MPs overseas: write Cpl. Kenneth Goldfarb, Sq. 435, FAFRD, Hammer Field, Calif. . . . S/Sgt. "PAPPY" RYMAN of New York City, once at a glider school, Pittsburg, Kans.: write F/O Charles E. Skidmore Jr., Flight 11, GCTC., Bowman Field, Ky.

S. Pfc. JOSEPH W. SANNICANDRO, S. Pacific: see *Message 1.** . . . Lt. WILLIAM (WILLIE) SEALE, once at Sheppard Field, Tex.: write Sgt. Oren D. Moffett, 388th Fighter Sq., Dover AAF, Dover, Del. . . . Sgt. JOSEPH SERRIAN, once at Fort George G. Meade, Md.: write Sgt. Frederick Serrian, Med. Det. Sta. Hosp., Camp Butner, N. C. . . . 2d Lt. WILLIAM SIEBENTHALER of Dayton, Ohio, was a weather forecaster at Middletown Air Depot: see *Message 4.*†† . . . Pvt. STANLEY SKLARZ, once at Camp Butner, N. C.: write Pvt. T. N. Lemassena, Co. K, 14th Inf., Camp Carson, Colo. . . . T-5 RICHARD J. SMITH, once at Fort Monmouth, N. J.: write T-5 George Steinberg, 971st Sig. Serv. Co., ACS, Room 550, Seattle, Wash. . . . Cpl. BILL STERN, once at Hunter's Point, San Francisco, Calif.: see *Message 3.*† . . . Lt. ROBERT I. STEVENS, once at Camp Croft, S. C., and later at Camp Butner, N. C.: write Cpl. Robert Burnett, Med. Det. Sta. Hosp., Sioux Falls, S. D.

**Message 1:* Write Pvt. Louis Palmiri, McCloskey Gen. Hosp., Temple, Tex.

***Message 2:* Write Pfc. Carl B. Bridges, Btry. D, 2d CA, Fort Monroe, Va.

†*Message 3:* Write Cpl. R. E. Buechner, 375th MPEG Co., Rivers, Ariz.

††*Message 4:* Write Lt. Calvin M. George, O—56418 AC, 952d TEFTS, Mather Field, Calif.

‡*Message 5:* Write Pvt. Gabriel Karenkraut, Serv. Co., 713th TB, Sta. Hosp. Ward I-12, Camp Barkeley, Tex.

‡‡*Message 6:* Write T/Sgt. Paul M. Hatcher, 31st FC Sq., Leesburg AB, Leesburg, Fla.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Woo Woo and His Island Romance

By Cpl. CARL HAPPEL
Gulfport Field, Miss.

Woo Woo Thompson had often told us of his wonderful experiences with the women, like the lady defense-work foreman who had had his name tattooed on her arm, but this was different. It was terrific.

Seems he was flying in an Army transport plane there in the Pacific, and one of the passengers was Arlene Foster, the most gorgeous young quail around Hollywood, the latest rave in movie stars. She'd been entertaining the boys in person at the outposts—way out—and was hitchhiking a ride. Well, engine trouble happened and the pilot had to set the ship down, right on the water.

People got separated, and Woo Woo and Foster got together on a life raft. All the others were picked up not much later, according to the papers, but Sgt. Thompson and the actress drifted till they came to this desert island.

It was all you could ask of a desert island, Woo Woo said in telling us. There was a swell spring on the high part and a very fine stand of timber in the middle, with lots of breadfruit and bananas besides all the coconuts, plus birds and sassy monkeys.

Woo Woo sighed and said to Arlene: "We sure are lucky." She'd taken off the wet coveralls used aboard the plane and was walking around in her regular entertaining costume — khaki shorts and dark green sweater. "Boy, are we lucky!" said Thompson.

"My gollies!" said Arlene, her bright blue eyes surveying the jungle. "This is going to be fun! Let's see," scratching the wave in her tumble of cinnamon hair, "we'll build my hut over there——"

"Huh?"

"You always build a hut when you're cast loose on a desert island, Woo Woo."

Furthermore, she explained, it had to be on stilts and have a grass roof.

So for five days Woo Woo had no chance to discuss the moon or make remarks on romance, which was a favorite topic with him.

When the hut got finished Arlene celebrated by filling it full of flowers and just remaining among them. Woo Woo kept inviting her to come out and relax, go swimming. But Arlene wouldn't sit on the beach with him.

Lying on his vine hammock between a couple of trees one night, glaring at the tropic stars, Woo Woo brooded over his strange situation. Here he was on a desert island with Arlene Foster, like thousands of GIs had only *voted* to be, and he hadn't even talked personal with her yet! Sure, she'd known some classy operators, but he was good enough for a society blond in Australia to call him "Dream Lad," wasn't he? He decided to learn tomorrow just what she thought of him.

Next morning he caught up with her on the beach where she was busy selecting shells for a necklace. "Uh, maybe you're sorry, Arlene. I mean, maybe you wish you was here with somebody else. Somebody good-looking——"

"Why, Woo Woo!" She glanced up in astonishment. "*You're* good-looking! You have a marvelous profile. And swell leg muscles. And what a beautiful chest! My gollies, no," she said emphatic, "I'm glad I was shipwrecked with you. You're all man."

"I put it up this morning," she said. "Isn't it a grand rescue signal, Woo Woo?" He was shocked and hurt. Wasn't she happy here?

YANK FICTION

"Oh, I lost a little weight since I been in this climate." Woo Woo was never more embarrassed in his life, he told us, or more pleased. He began helping her with the shells, and when she spied a drifted-in barrel and said they really ought build a fresh-water shower with it at the spring, like in the picture "Loma Loma," he told her okay, sugar.

The shower didn't take long to make. She decided to try it right away, and Woo Woo caught up on his coconut-busting at the beach, whistling. Everything was Roger now. He thought he'd suggest them taking a stroll and listening to the wild parrots.

Arlene returned with her teeth chattering. "I never felt such c-c-c-c-cold water in my life, W-w-w-w-woo Woo." She sneezed.

So they didn't go for a stroll after all, because she sneezed and sneezed. She had chills. He wrapped all their extra clothes around her and heated stones for hot-water bottles, and for several days she was a sick little girl. It about wore him out, he said. He made up his mind—no more building things.

One morning he didn't wake till noon, not having enjoyed much sleep lately, and when he knocked at the hut she was missing. He found her on the high part of the island. She was real healthy again. In fact, she was in the top of a tree, tying on a pole that had a pair of coveralls fastened to it.

"It just fell down," she explained cheerful. "I put it up first thing this morning. Isn't it a grand rescue signal, Woo Woo?"

He was shocked and hurt. He said she ought get her strength back before worrying about rescue, and wasn't she happy here?

"Of course! Only it just came to me—you have to make a signal of some kind when you're cast off like us. Remember the sailors in 'The Black Hawk?' They used long underwear."

Woo Woo realized this was a crisis. "Come on down, sugar. I got to talk to you."

So he led her to the beach and they sat under a coconut tree. He commenced by speaking of the wonderful nature around them, the waving palms, the nice blossoms, the pretty ocean she was gazing upon. It was kind of a paradise, he said, only he was lonesome. He wanted her to enjoy things with him, go fishing, be playmates. She looked thoughtful.

Then he said she was different, the most interesting woman he'd ever met. Her eyes lit up like candles. He took her hand and began to sing in a soft tenor voice, "You'll Never Know." It was his magic number. She smiled, sort of unbelieving at the start, and her eyes grew brighter and brighter. It was the greatest moment in Woo Woo's career.

Then suddenly she yelled: "Look, Woo Woo, a battleship! I was afraid it was only a steamer!"

There offshore was a U.S. destroyer.

"A rescue party!" Arlene jumped to her feet. "Just like in my last picture! Wait for me. I've got to make myself cute. My gollies—all those men!"

"Huh?"

So when she came out of the hut, her hair fluffed and full of tropical flowers, and wearing the necklace and also some bracelets, Woo Woo was waiting for her. He was waiting behind a tree, and as she reached it he lifted the driftwood plank piled high with black mud gathered at the spring and dumped it on her head.

And as she stood there, surprised, the goo dripping down, Woo Woo remarked to her as follows: "Don't you remember, sugar? They always do this on desert islands. My gollies, yes!"

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LULLABY

For a photograph with the caption: "Here are three American soldiers who were killed in battle on the beach at Buna, New Guinea. This photograph, emphasizing the grim facts of war, was released to give the American public a more realistic picture of the war."

WAS it evening, with a slow wind falling
Upon the gray and broken stillness in the leaves.
The birds calling in terror, and the sky
Broken with wings, and on the drifting shore
The slow tide curling inward, curving and rippling.
Fold upon foam-edged fold, folding at last
Upon you in the sand? Was it evening then,
And quiet, falling to sleep in the silence,
You, with your cheek soft on the ultimate pillow
And your outstretched hand reaching no more for the gun,
Or love, or the things of life, sleeping there, sleeping?

You have come a long way to lie on the sand,
Forgetful of the motion of
The slow, incessant waves
Curving and falling, the white foam lifting
The white sand drifting
Over your face, your outflung hand,
Drifting and creeping
Slow and incessant and cool . . . .
You have come a long way, a world away, to sleep.

The page will remember a little while;
You are a warning now; a message,
Sleeping like children on the rippled shore,
Forgetful now for ever of the slow
Whispers of the curling water
Sifting the sand around you with its long
Reiterant falling and lifting whispering music . . .
You are a message now, forgetful, sleeping;
The idiot print of Time on the wave-washed shore . . .

Sleep now, forgetful of the drifting sand,
The strange cries of birds in the green forest;
Sleep, cold on the sand, immortal on the fading page,
Emphatic, grim, forgetful . . . Sleep, sleep . . .
Silence will shield the shrieking of the birds,
The wild, quick beating of their wings against the tree fronds;
The storm will pass . . . Silence will cover it;
Sleep . . .

—Sgt. CHARLES E. BUTLER

Britain

Martha Stewart

SCREEN. Martha Stewart, former singer with Glenn Miller and Claude Thornhill, is an unusual film starlet; she wants to gain weight rather than lose it. . . . Barbara Britton will have the lead opposite Johnnie Johnston in "Mississippi Magic." . . . Frances Gifford has the second feminine lead in Lana Turner's new picture, "Marriage Is a Private Affair." . . . "Nine Girls" cast includes Evelyn Keyes, Anita Louise, Jinx Falkenburg, Leslie Brooks, Jeff Donnell, Lynn Merrick, Nina Foch, Marcia Mae Jones and Shirley Mills. . . . Alan Ladd is out of the Army on a CDD. . . . Bert Gordon, "the Mad Russian," has a comedy role in Eddie Cantor's "Show Business." . . . Mady Christians will play opposite Paul Lukas in "Address Unknown."

RADIO. The Blue Network cold-miked Jimmy Fidler recently over an item about Bette Davis.

A CORPORAL was sneaking a quick look over our shoulder while we were picking this week's pin-up and he said: "Where's the legs?" "Legs?" we said. "We had legs last week, the week before and the two weeks before that. How about taking a gander at what this sweet thing has got instead of looking for what she doesn't choose to show today?" So he took a really good look instead of a quick one, and he said: "Mmmmmm." That's how Anne Gwynne, over there at the left, won the photo finish this week. Her latest movie for Universal Pictures (with legs) is "Top Man."

. . . Fred Allen is due to return to his Sunday spot on CBS Dec. 12. . . . Monty Woolley is being mentioned prominently for top billing on the Old Gold half-hour Wednesday nights when Sammy Kaye takes on a movie chore. . . . Bulova Watch has beefed that announcers are not making the Bulova time signals exciting enough. . . . Deal for the Frank Sinatra-Vimms Vitamins show is still indefinite. . . . The Xavier Cugat show moves from 11-11:30 A. M. Saturdays on Blue to a Wednesday 8:30-9 P. M. slot on Mutual.

STAGE. Max Reinhardt, noted producer, died in New York at the age of 70. . . . Two plays by Frederick Jackson are being readied for openings in San Diego and San Francisco. . . . Opening of "Pillar to Post" was delayed by the illness of Antoinette Perry. . . . Mary Elizabeth Sherwood, newcomer to show business, is making stock productions pay at the New Amsterdam Roof in Manhattan. . . . "The Student Prince" returns to the Nixon Theater, Pittsburgh. . . . Katharine Cornell premiered her new play, "Lovers and Friends," at the Cass Theater, Detroit. . . . Gladys George is returning to the boards with her former success, "Personal Appearance," in San Francisco.

NIGHT SPOTS. Liquor shortages are threatening to shutter many niteries in Springfield, Mass., and rationing of liquor is scaring Philadelphia night spots. . . . Police closed the Windsor Castle, outside Atlanta, for illegal liquor sales. . . . Eddie South opened an indefinite stay at Pat & Don's, Newark. . . . Cow-Cow Davenport is at the Plantation in Nashville. . . . Sidney Gibot, mc at the Cocoanut Grove, St. Louis, was jugged on a narcotics-possession charge. . . . A juvenile delinquency drive in Pittsburgh has brought forth a teen-age night club open on Saturday nights only; admission, 25 cents, with the Brentwood Junior Women's Club chaperoning. . . . Martin Kent, newcomer, took top honors in a swoon-singer contest at the Coq Rouge in New York.

BANDS. Irene Daye is the new vocalist with Charlie Spivak's outfit. . . . The Howie Wright band, in Rockford, Ill., is continuing even though Howie is now GI. . . . Tiny Hill takes over at the Trianon Ballroom, Chicago, as Lawrence Welk goes on a theater tour. . . . Wanda Merrill is the new thrush with the Dave Roberts crew at the Copacabana in Newark. . . . Frankie Masters is holding forth at the Trianon in Los Angeles. . . . Merrie Lane is with the Bob Allen band, recently at the Palace Theater, Cleveland. . . . Carole Page is singing with Dick Gasparre's band at the Monte Carlo in New York.

GI SERVICE. Danny Kaye, rejected by the Army, has asked to be sent overseas to entertain and promises to bring along Leo Durocher. . . . A long-distance phone exchange, exclusively for servicemen, has been set up at 43d and Broadway by the New York Telephone Company. . . . The USO has organized "Marine Mobile Units" to take fun to GIs in remote spots of the Western Hemisphere that are accessible only by water.

WORD SHUFFLE

EACH of these words can be formed into another word by rearranging its letters. For example: EARTH rearranged gives HEART.

How quickly can you do all 10? Par is 20 minutes.

1. GROAN _____	6. TONICS _____
2. SECURE _____	7. FLUSTER _____
3. PLEASE _____	8. RECLAIM _____
4. MODELS _____	9. STINTED _____
5. DEVOTE _____	10. INTEGERS _____

(Solution on page 22)

Letter Division

How's your number logic today?

In the following division example, letters have been substituted for the numbers. For instance, Y represents 7—we'll spot you that clue.

A little digging at the problem, and you should be able to assign the right numbers to all the other letters.

```
        S U S Y
M S U)D E M U R E
      S R E
      M A R U
      M A S T
          D T R
          S R E
            U K E
            U K E
```

(Solution on page 22)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS If you are a YANK subscriber and have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

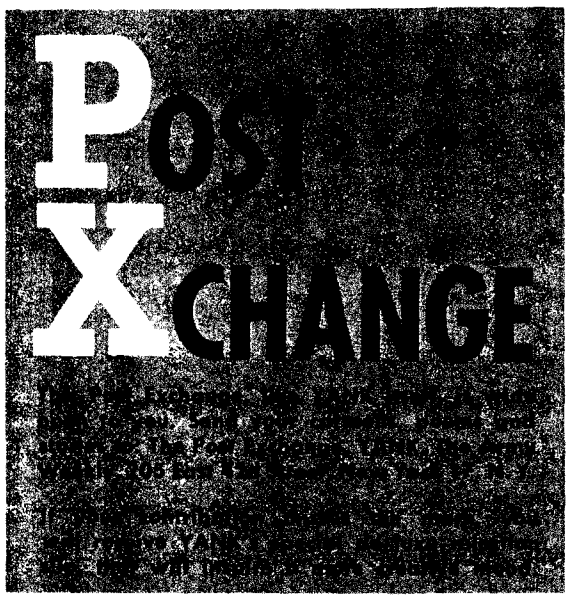
FULL NAME AND RANK _____ ORDER NO. _____

OLD MILITARY ADDRESS _____

NEW MILITARY ADDRESS _____

Allow 21 days for change of address to become effective

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



TO A FICTITIOUS NIGHT LIFE

You are the girl I dream about
When all the barrack lights are out.
When the bay is still and the bunk is cold,
And the moon hangs like a ball of gold,
The streets are still like a candle's mold,
The dreams are so sweet they can't be told.
Each night I dream of the selfsame girl,
Her dove-soft flesh, her hair's blond curl:
We tour the town (oh, any town!)
And turn the night clubs upside down.
I dance each night with the selfsame girl,
Her slender waist, her gown's quick swirl!
On the morn that follows, small wonder I feel
Depressed because the dreams aren't real.

—Pfc. MARV LORE

JINGLES

I've just one wish and only—
And so has every John:
That PX girls be homely,
So I could be waited on.

Fort Riley, Kans. —Pfc. FRED HOLLOWELL

GIs who go broke often go broker
After attempts to recoup with poker.

AAF, Las Vegas, Nev. —Cpl. G. H. CHADWICK

FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS
YANK

SEND YANK AS A CHRISTMAS GIFT TO:

1 _____
Print full name and rank

_____
Military address

_____
☐ *One Year* ☐ *Six Months*

2 _____
Print full name and rank

_____
Military address

_____
☐ *One Year* ☐ *Six Months*

PRINT YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS HERE:

_____

Enclose check, cash or money order and send to YANK, 205 E. 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

A Little Off the Top

SHE was always doing something wrong. Not things that were wrong in the strict sense of the word, but when she told George he always made them sound worse. She was wrong, he said, when she left her job in the beauty parlor back home to come to the little Army camp to see him. But there was no mistaking that happy look in his eye when they stepped off the porch of the little house with the justice of the peace sign in the front yard.

They got along swell for quite a while after that, but the dullness of the small-town life got on her nerves. When she came back to their tiny room late one evening and told him of the job she'd just landed right in his camp, he hit the ceiling. She tried to tell him the way she had fooled the manager by telling him that she had cut men's hair in the barber shop back home on account of everybody was going to work in the shipyards and defense plants and how the manager had swallowed it all. But George just went on raving about how he didn't want his wife handling a lot of soldiers who would be asking for dates and trying to get fresh. He cooled off after a while and finally agreed that maybe she should have something to do instead of sitting in the room all day or going to the movies. But he made her promise that she would work hours that would be the same as his and he'd wait for her every day after retreat at the trolley stop right outside the gates of the camp.

"Don't get too well acquainted with anybody," he kept repeating. He kept reminding her that she would be working with and around men all the time and she shouldn't wear any of her tight dresses. "And please," he told her, "don't get into any of those situations that you always manage to stumble into."

That first morning when she started for work at the barber shop she told herself she couldn't be wrong all the time. On the trolley car going out to the post she decided she was going to make sure this time that George would have nothing to holler about, even though she loved the way his eyes got so dark when he got excited.

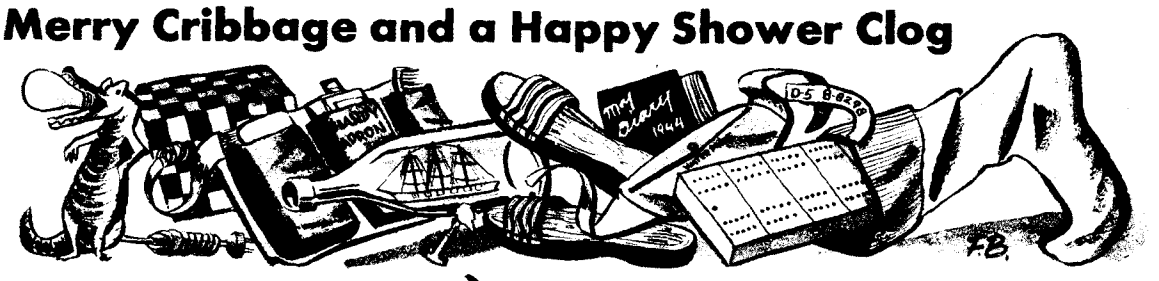
The morning passed slowly; there weren't very many customers. All the barbers she worked with were very nice to her and they gave her a chair up front near the doorway where she could get a whiff of fresh air sometimes. She noticed the way the soldiers took in every detail of her figure, but she didn't care because George had told her she had just as good a shape as Rita Hayworth. Only she didn't dare think of telling George because he'd only fly off and those eyes of his would get dark again.

"Gosh, I don't know where to begin!"
—Sgt. Bob Gallivan, AAB, Walla Walla, Wash.

The afternoon went fast because she had many more customers than in the morning. She felt fine because everything was going okay except that she mooched a few cigarettes from the barbers working alongside her, and she knew she had better get a pack because she didn't want to get a reputation as a moocher her first day. As she got change for a quarter from the old guy behind the cashier's desk, she thought again how dark George's eyes got when she did something wrong, and she walked to the cigarette machine as fast as she could so that she wouldn't feel like a moocher any more.

McChord Field, Wash. —Pfc. EDWARD AVIN

Merry Cribbage and a Happy Shower Clog



SOLDIERS don't want cribbage boards for Christmas. When I read that fact in the *Army Times* I rushed out and canceled my 14 orders for cribbage boards to send my buddies overseas. Then I came back and finished reading the article.

It was called "What a GI Wants for Christmas," and it gave a list of more than 50 gifts. In a poll taken among servicemen the *Army Times* got the troops to mark each item as "swell," "fair" or "junk."

Cribbage boards were the most all-around unpopular item on the list, with 52.3 percent rating them as junk. Checkers was a close second in unpopularity, but chess got beaten out for third place. Soldiers seemed to think that diaries are junkier than chess sets.

It was no shock to many of our advanced thinkers to learn that soldiers don't want cribbage boards. But what confuses and alarms me about the whole thing is that soldiers don't seem to want anything at all. At least not very badly.

Except cigarettes. And even cigarettes only got a 79.4 percent vote in the "swell" column. There was a staunch 8.8 percent that called cigarettes junk. That same 8.8 percent, by the way, voted that "good regulation shirts" are junk. Obviously those 8.8 men are a bunch of malcontents and troublemakers, sitting around in their underwear, refusing to smoke cigarettes and lousing up every public-opinion poll that comes along.

But you can't help admiring the sturdy 19.6 percent who declared that "photographs of friends or family in unbreakable frames" are simply so much junk. That took guts. A lot of us may secretly have been thinking that for years, but it took the *Army Times* to bring those courageous outspoken few to the fore.

Another heroic stand was taken by the 11.7 percent who came right out and said that "homemade cookies, cakes, jams, etc.," are worthless. In shameful contrast to those brave men are the many namby-pamby soldiers who were cajoled, bulldozed or misled into claiming that waterproof money belts are swell. To the everlasting credit of our Army it should be noted, however, that a resounding 42.5 percent said that waterproof money belts are junk.

Though a misguided 32.7 percent said that wooden shower clogs are swell, there were 32.2 percent to shout that they are junk. Even the razor-blade sharpener had its adherents, although the junk vote was a strong 29.4 percent.

Luckily the *Army Times* poll hasn't circulated among civilians. It ought to be declared restricted information. How do you suppose Aunt Lou would feel after sending off a nice warm robe to her nephew in New Guinea if she picked up the evening paper and read that 43 percent of all soldiers think that nice warm robes are junk?

It's pretty hard to find anything that soldiers whole-heartedly approve of. Even the waterproof wrist watch only got a 75 percent swell vote, with 10.3 percent declaring that waterproof wrist watches are you-know-what.

The *Army Times* didn't list money as a possible gift. But it's easy to guess what the outcome would be. About 78.4 percent of our GIs would say that money is swell, a doubtful 12.8 percent would mutter "fair," and there would be that 8.8 percent to declare that cash funds are junk.

Camp Davis, N. C. —Sgt. RAY DUNCAN

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

LETTER DIVISION: These are the letter values:

M	S	D	T	R	E	Y	U	K	A
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0

WORD SHUFFLE. 1—ORGAN. 2—RESCUE. 3—ASLEEP. 4—SELDOM. 5—VETOED. 6—TOCSIN. 7—RESTFUL. 8—MIRACLE. 9—DENTIST. 10—STEERING.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPORTS: HARMON, IN TOUGH SPOTS BEFORE, MAY TURN UP SAFE

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

ONE day last month a heavily laden Army transport plane, bound for China, strained desperately for more altitude as she tried to negotiate the murderous mountains ahead of her. The pilot ordered the crew to unload the plane's cargo. Overboard tumbled the luggage of several fighter pilots who earlier had flown their P-38s into China. Some of the bags belonged to 2d Lt. Thomas Dudley Harmon, Michigan's All-American football player.

Meanwhile, beyond the hills and deep in Japanese-occupied China, a flight of P-38 Lightnings was tearing into shipping and docks at Kiukiang, the Yangtze River port. Harmon, already a veteran of fighter warfare with one Zero to his credit, was flying in that dive-bombing attack. The flight was jumped by 15 Zeros and in the ensuing fight four Lightnings were lost. The returning pilots said they saw two planes crash in flames, but they couldn't see what happened to the other two. Harmon was one of the four missing pilots.

This isn't the first time that Harmon has been listed as missing. Last April his ill-fated bomber, *Little Butch,* crashed during a tropical storm over Surinam and he and his crew were given up as lost. For four days he hacked his way through the jungles before being rescued by natives.

There's a good chance that Harmon may beat his way out of this one, too. He has the determination and the background to do it. Tom has always been harder and tougher than any game he ever played. Even as a kid of 10 in Gary, Ind., he longed for the day when he could beat the pants off any kid in the Holy Angels' School. He especially wanted to try his fists out on the big fellows in the eighth grade. His chance came when he was still in the sixth grade.

His closest friend, Dave Jones, insulted him and a fierce fist fight followed. Tom was doing all right until Dave's brother, a big eighth grader, declared himself on his brother's side. Tom's older brothers were watching the fight, too, but they refused to intervene. They told Tom he should fight his own battles regardless of the odds. Tom fought his own battle, all right, but he took the licking of his life.

Harmon ran into more trouble the first day he reported for football practice at Horace Mann High School. A few days before he had won a bubble-blowing contest and he was anxious to show off in front of the football team. He stuffed his mouth with gum before practice and then proceeded to entertain the squad while Coach Doug Kerr made his opening speech. Kerr became infuriated and ordered Harmon to turn in his uniform, but Tom refused to leave the field. Kerr didn't quite know what to make of the boy, but he thought he would teach him a lesson any how. He told Harmon to join the scrub team and run back kick-offs against the varsity. Kerr figured he was feeding the kid to the lions, because the school's varsity men were all bruising 180-pounders and Harmon was a mere 145 pounds. Tom wasn't fazed. He grabbed the first kick-off and sprinted 90 yards to a touchdown.

When Harmon went to Michigan he discovered that he had to be tougher than football itself if he wanted to survive. He was blessed with that unmistakable golden-boy touch and he suffered because of it. The press threw high-powered adjectives at him and boomed him as the second Red Grange. The Michigan alumni were equally impressed. They fully expected Tom to explode through any opposition every time he laid his hands on the ball. Coach Fritz Crisler managed to relieve some of the pressure by converting Harmon into a blocking back toward the end of his sophomore season.

But neither Crisler nor anybody else expected Harmon to remain a blocker. He was turned loose on the enemy again as a junior. This time real trouble arose. His teammates were tired of knocking their brains out every afternoon while Harmon's name dominated every story about the Michigan team.

It was Harmon's blocking back, Forrest Evashevski, who helped Tom iron out this trouble and keep the team together. Evashevski called a meeting of the players and told them it wouldn't do a damn bit of good to brood over Harmon, because it wasn't Tom's fault and they were only harming themselves. After the meeting the team went up to Tom and told him they understood.

Evashevski knew human nature wouldn't stop just because of one eloquent speech and that soon the fellows would be smarting from resentment again. So he immediately organized a Don't-Let-Harmon-Get-Too-Big-for-His-Pants-Club. It worked beautifully.

When Tom entered the dressing room, Evashevski and a few others would bow low and raise their right palm to their foreheads in Oriental fashion. Then Bob Ingalls, the center, would announce: "Harmon, I'm really the key man on this team. You'd look pretty silly running around back there if I never passed you the ball." Then there was Ed Frutig, the great end, who walked through the dressing room before every game promising dollar bills to anyone who would join the little happy Block-for-Harmon Club.

But the best piece of ego deflation came from a little Negro boy who was standing in front of the squad as they waited to get into a movie before the Harvard game. His little friend kept nudging him and asking: "Where's Harmon?" The first boy pointed and said: "There's Harmon. Can't you tell by the nose?"

That was all Evashevski had to hear. Every time Michigan got on the spot, he would growl. "Come on, Harmon. Get out from behind that nose and let's go."

Harmon may yet turn up safe as many other pilots have in that region. When he does he will find himself a first lieutenant. His promotion orders came through the day after he took off.

Harmon as an aviation cadet. He washed out, but came back to win wings.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

TAKE it from **Sgt. Joe Louis,** the next heavyweight champion will come out of the Army. In fact, Louis has already picked him out. He's **Star Harvey,** a Negro private from New York City. Joe and Star recently boxed an exhibition. . . . **CPO Bob Feller,** a Navy gun-crew chief, is now in the South Pacific after almost a year's convoy duty in the Atlantic. . . . Just to keep you up to date: **Joe Gordon's** off-again, on-again baseball career is on again. . . . **Jack Kramer,** whose doubles partner, **Ted Schroeder,** is now a lieutenant, junior grade, in the Navy, is going after his commission, too, at the Coast Guard OCS. . . . **T/Sgt. Frankie Strafaci,** the former Publinks champ, writes that he gives more than 50 golf lessons a month to GIs in the South Pacific.

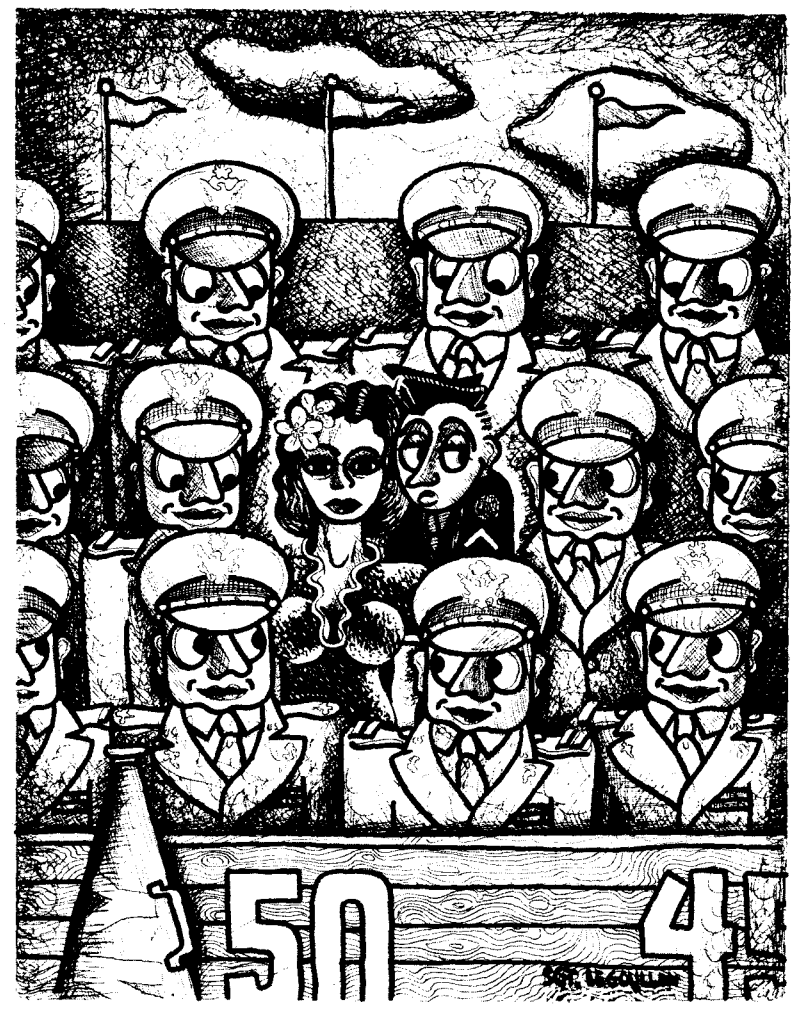
Offhand, you might think the Australian soldiers, would be first cousins to a kangaroo, but **Cpl. Lawrence Andrews,** former Dartmouth champion, won the high jump in a track meet between Allied troops in Australia with a leap of 5 feet, 7 inches. Back in the States Lawrence used to clear the bar at 6 feet 5½ inches regularly. . . . **Pedro Montanez,** former welterweight contender, who operates a cocktail parlor at San Juan, says there are so many champions and near champions hanging around his place that he's thinking about calling it "Little Jacobs Beach." Some of his customers include **Tony Zole,** middleweight champion; **Willie Pavlovich,** light heavy contender, and **Sixto Escobar,** bantam champion, all of whom are stationed in and around Puerto Rico. . . . When the war's over, we know of a guy who's going to pay more alumni dues than anybody else. He's **Tad Hapanowicz,** a Navy V-12 footballer, who played for George Washington last year, Penn State early this fall and now is at the University of Pennsylvania.

Comdr. Gene Tunney autographs the head of a base drum for GIs at a South Pacific base. Lt. Comdr. Dick Harlow, Harvard coach, looks over Tunney's shoulder.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"GUM"?

—Pfc. John DeVries



—Sgt. L. C. LeGoullon

"I THINK WHITEY IS GETTING LOW ON THE MASHED POTATOES."
—Pvt. J. W. Blake

—Sgt. Bob Bowie

strikes fear in Jap hearts!

Yet it stands for you and for the guy in the next bunk. It is also the name of your favorite magazine. It means: YANK!

SUBSCRIBE NOW—Check Here: *New* ☐ *Renewal* ☐

PRINT FULL NAME AND RANK

MILITARY ADDRESS

2-24

PLEASE INDICATE: **ONE YEAR *(52 ISSUES)* ☐ $2.00**
6 MONTHS *(26 ISSUES)* ☐ $1.00

Enclose check, cash, or money order and mail to:

YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 E. 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE ACCEPTED ONLY FOR MEMBERS OF THE ARMED FORCES

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED